The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1929 NUMBER 748

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The Week

TO SHELL and sink a merchantman flying the British flag, drowning a member of her crew and bringing the rest of the officers and men to port in irons, is not a tactful or pleasant thing to do in times of peace, no matter what the provocation or what the right to do so under law. In the case of the "I'm Alone," the incident is made more serious by the fact that there is considerable doubt as to the legal position of the Coast Guard. There is doubt whether the ship was sighted in the zone defined by the treaty of 1924 as being within one hour's sailing distance for her from the three-mile limit of territorial waters. There is doubt whether the doctrine of "hot pursuit" sanctions following her intermittently for so long a distance with one cutter, and then intercepting her with another. There is doubt whether, even if she were legally obligated to submit to search, a refusal to do so could warrant so drastic a penalty. Active coast-guardsmen, irritated by a persistent law-violator, and zealous in their duty, may perhaps be forgiven for riding rough-shod over such niceties. But it would be a great mistake if the responsible officers of our government should attempt to defend, for purposes of national prestige, so shaky a position, touching so closely the sensibilities of a friendly nation. This would be just as great a mistake as it would be for the British and Canadian representatives to appear before our people as righteous and wrathful defenders of the utmost legal privileges of rum-runners. What the situation calls for is friendly give-and-take, coupled with a more precise definition of the law, so that incidents of the sort may be avoided in the future, through exact knowledge of their rights on the part of both parties.

THERE never was any solid evidence against Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, now serving life sentences in California for the Preparedness Day bomb explosion in San Francisco in 1916. One by one, every witness against either of them has been shown to be a perjurer. The last of the series was Estelle Smith, whose evidence convicted Billings. Due to the efforts of that indefatigable seeker for justice and great journalist, Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Call*, a few days ago she signed an affidavit confirming her previous verbal admission, to the effect that her testimony was false. She had identified Billings at his trial as a man who had carried a suitcase into the dental office where she was employed, on the afternoon of the explosion. The office was at the scene of the explosion, and the presumption was that the suitcase contained a bomb, which was thrown from the roof. She now admits that she was never sure of this identification, and says she was threatened by District Attorney Charles M. Fickert with a term in the penitentiary if she refused to go on the witness stand and tell the lying story he had prepared for her. Similar threats were made to her by Martin Swanson, detective for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, who aided in preparing the case against Mooney and Billings. On the other hand, she was promised money "in five figures" for her perjury by Frank Oxman, the cattleman from Oregon whose false testimony convicted Mooney.

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AS we have said, not one witness testified against Mooney and Billings who has not now been shown to be a perjurer. This has been proved to be the case regarding Oxman, chief witness for the prosecution, who was so reckless as to have written his friend Rigall to come and share in the loot. It has been admitted by John McDonald, the waiter. The Edeau women, mother and daughter, have discredited themselves by their maze of contradictory stories, and now Estelle Smith has come forward to confess that she lied. Against the words of this precious crew may be set the testimony of no fewer than thirty people who say that at the time of the explosion Mooney and Mrs. Mooney were a mile from the scene. Billings has an equally strong alibi. These facts have caused Judge Franklin Griffin, who presided at Mooney's trial, to labor unceasingly for a pardon ever since he learned of them. They have caused Captain Duncan Matheson, who assembled the evidence for the prosecution, to do the same. Police Captain Charles Goff, who also worked on the case, and William MacNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury, have both written Governor Young of California urging that justice be done in the only way it is now possible, through a pardon. Every living member of the jury, with one exception, is now convinced that Mooney and Billings are innocent—a remarkable fact when you remember the strong inclination of every human being to justify his own former acts. Governor Young has promised to "give the case careful consideration" in the near future. It is hard to see what he has to consider, in the light of the record.

WHAT does it portend when Mr. Hoover announces that, since tariff-making, as well as farm relief, is the prerogative of Congress, he cannot furnish anything like a detailed program for action? This seems to be in conflict with what was understood to be his firm position when it was said that he had notified Senator Smoot that general tariff revision upward, as demanded by the Grundys, would not be sanctioned. Is he merely being tactful by thus refusing to tread publicly on congressional toes, while he exercises private leadership through his party machinery? If so, there may be no inconsistency. But we seriously doubt whether private pressure would hold down an overwhelmingly Republican Congress which sees a chance to make a tariff grab. To distribute favors to some sections and interests while withholding them from others is a well-nigh impossible task for a tariff Congress, since bills of this sort are almost invariably a result of trading and log-rolling. If Mr. Hoover is to control the situation, he will undoubtedly have to mobilize public opinion first or last. The danger is that in the end he will surrender to what he may regard as *force majeure,* placing the responsibility on Congress for a senseless and dangerous tariff revision, however much it may embarrass his administration in the future.

TWO members of the faculty of the University of Missouri, and a student assistant, have been forced to resign because of a "sex questionnaire" which they circulated among several hundred men and women undergraduates. The questionnaire was of a sort now quite familiar. It asked the students' views on various hypothetical moral problems which might arise from irregular sexual relationships. As is customary in the case of such questionnaires, each student was to mail in the blank anonymously, so there could be no identification of any individual. It is impossible to imagine that filling out such a document could do any harm to anybody who was not mentally unbalanced, and the University administrators can hardly fail to be aware of this. These administrators, however, are in the usual predicament of educators who depend on state aid for financial support. The University of Missouri has to get its funds from the State Legislature, the quality of whose membership is sufficiently indicated by the fact that a year or two ago they came within a hair's-breadth of passing anti-evolution legislation like that of Tennessee and Arkansas. That these legislators could take a sensible view of any discussion of sex is of course not to be expected. The situation in the present instance was further exacerbated by the action of a local newspaper editor in Columbia, the town where the University is located, and a group of the local business men, evidently dominated by Mr. Babbitt's ethical theory that it doesn't so much matter what you do, provided you remember to be careful not to talk about it.

AGAIN the issue of unemployment created by changes in technology is raised in dramatic form—this time by the conquest of the "talkies." Few silent pictures are being made any more; before long they will be a rarity indeed. This has meant already the scrapping of hundreds, if not of thousands, of organists and orchestra musicians, who are wandering the streets in search of non-existent work in their trades. It means the discharge of many motion picture "actors" and "actresses" who are untrained for, and cannot adapt themselves to, the speaking stage. What explanation have our industrial, political or economic authorities to give to such persons? Suppose we had them all gathered in a hall, what could be said to them? "The improvements in machinery are inevitable. New industries spring up, so that in the long run as many are employed as before, and perhaps more than before. You will have a chance of being 'absorbed' elsewhere." If they should ask, "Where shall we be 'absorbed'? How? When? What shall we live on in the meantime? What will happen if 'the long run' is longer than our endurance? What compensation have we for our years of misdirected training and experience? How shall we learn new skills?" —silence would greet them. Our authorities have comfortably overlooked the most elementary answers to these questions.

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THE public interest sustained a grave loss in the recent death of Philip P. Wells, former Chief Law Officer both of the Forestry Service and of the Reclamation Service and Deputy Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. In these and other public and private capacities over a period of thirty years, Mr. Wells rendered unique service, especially to the causes of conservation and public-utility regulation. In association with Judge George W. Woodruff, he developed and codified first in executive orders and later in legislation the stewardship idea in public administration. It had been assumed, prior to the Roosevelt administration, that the President could only be thrifty on the public behalf when specifically authorized to do so by Congress, that he could not act for the people as they would act for themselves. The novel theory that the President is a steward for the people, culminating in the conservation movement and its associated legislation, reached the United States Supreme Court in seven cases defended by Wells and Woodruff. All were won, and six of them on unanimous decisions. The Federal Water Power Act and the Federal Mineral Leasing Act, both passed in 1920, were drafted by Wells fifteen years before, in much their final form. Through fifteen years, he remained their outstanding and ardent advocate. Since the passage of the latter act, $10,000,000 in royalties on oil alone have reached the Treasury. In substance and largely in wording the Weeks Forestry Act of 1911 was his. Large-scale electrical development really began in Pennsylvania with the Act of 1923—another of Wells's jobs. Courageous, courteous, competent, modest, with a keen sense of *noblesse oblige,* Philip P. Wells fulfilled the best traditions of American public office.

THE New Republic recently commented on the ratification by the Senate of the conciliation treaty which was signed at the recent Pan-American conference in Washington. Another treaty signed at that conference, dealing with arbitration, has not yet been accepted by the Senate. It will be remembered that this treaty embodies the most sweeping arbitration agreement that the United States has ever signed. It provides for the arbitration of legal questions and virtually says that the court, after a certain period, shall have the power to determine whether or not a given dispute is legal or political. The Senate Committee has balked at this proviso; it still insists upon the right of passing upon each *compromis* so as to prevent the arbitration of such matters as the sovereignty of the Panama Canal Zone, which involves the interpretation of our treaty with Panama. If the arbitration agreement is to be saved from emasculation, enlightened and organized public opinion must get to work. Yet we should not be too discouraged if the Senate attaches hampering reservations to the arbitration treaty. That agreement applies only to legal and technical subjects, and the really important matters—to everyone except the lawyers—are the political disputes. And there is better hope than ever before that these will be amicably settled through the conciliation agreement which the Senate has already approved.

WE SHOULD not, however, delude ourselves into the belief that the machinery established in the conciliation treaty will fully meet the needs of the American continent. These conciliation committees are composed of professional diplomats, representing only three countries. If conciliation is to become really effective, if the burning light of world opinion is to be centered upon a dispute, it must be through some form of organization which commands widespread public attention. The Council of the League of Nations, which contains statesmen from fourteen countries of the world—including three Latin-American countries—is such a body, and it will continue to function even though our comparatively timid and feeble Latin-American commissions should fail to do important work. Except for the action of the Havana conference in denying all political functions to the Pan-American Union, that body would serve as an ideal regional commission for the American continent. The fact that the Union is doomed to impotence makes it all the more necessary for the United States to throw its prestige on the side of existing machinery to smooth out disputes wherever they occur, and thus prevent wars from breaking out.

What Is Social Intelligence?

AN "INTELLECTUAL stock taking" recently proposed by the American Philosophical Society has brought forth its first batch of comments from educational leaders. The more important of these, while differing in detail, have a curious similarity of tendency. Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, calls for "an epidemic of broad intellectual sympathies"—in default of "genius." Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, expresses his view that "a better coördination of scientific and social effort would render a distinct service in preventing some of the bad effects of specialized knowledge. . . . Architects are constructing cities which are of an impressive beauty, but totally unfit for the proper sheltering and breeding of human beings. Physicians, as well as industrialists and bankers, often do not recognize that men are mere machines, while priests may forget that they possess bodies. The desire for the immediate welfare of the individual seems to obliterate in many educators the supreme interests of the nation and of the race." While President James R. Angell of Yale believes the greatest intellectual need is "such poise as comes from a genuine coördination of the great subdivisions of thought. These subdivisions have become so highly specialized, so separatistic and so self-conscious, not to say self-complacent, that the genuinely philosophical out-

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look of life and its problems, an outlook which presupposes inclusive vision and genuine insight, has become utterly impossible."

There is nothing new about the cry that, while our various specialisms and departments of knowledge are constantly becoming more adept and absorbing, the world needs something above them, something by which it may drive them all in harness. Graham Wallas, in his "The Great Society," stated the problem in an arresting way years ago. Industrial civilization is uniting our fates more and more closely as time goes on, is doing things to us which we do not anticipate and often do not understand. But there is no corresponding integration of social intelligence and social will to deal with the growing complexes of action. The discipline of a single science, or branch of a science, occupies the whole mind of its competent devotee. Is human capacity great enough to make the synthesis of knowledge which is believed necessary, and to which philosophy has always aspired? And if it is not, will the human race go on drifting down the stream of time, knocking against obstacles, and perhaps plunging eventually over some disastrous cataract?

It can fairly be said that we have made some progress in appreciation of this need since the publication of Graham Wallas' book. The fact that replies such as those quoted above are so strikingly alike in tenor testifies to that. And educational experiments here and there have attempted to approach the solution of the problem in one way or another. But it can scarcely be said that much progress has been made in achieving the desired end. Neither the activities of those who have risen to power after going through the educational machine, nor the behavior of the world about us, could encourage us to think so. Perhaps the failure arises from the inherent difficulties of the task. But perhaps, also, it arises in part from the way in which the task has been approached.

It will be noted that all the authorities quoted, as well as most of those who have written and thought about the matter in the past, seem to assume that what is needed is some sort of intellectual feat. Crudely, it appears to be the idea that, first, the sciences must make sure of their respective grounds, and then that some gifted individuals or master minds should arise to knit their conclusions together. Social "intelligence" will form a comprehensive view, which will give rise to a conscious plan. This conception of affairs might be sound, if man were known to be an organism which proceeds in this way. But if the human and social science have given us any light in the past few years, they have shown that the learning process is something quite different from this. We do not first teach a child all about grammar, phonetics and philology, and then teach him to write. Doing must accompany learning. The one fructifies, or should fructify, the other. Nor is it true that effective action is always the result of a conscious synthesis, that what we roughly call "intelligence" plays the leading part in our activities. Much of what we learn becomes habitual and may be far from the focus of consciousness in tackling new situations. We rely on techniques which have grown routinized or semi-automatic. If this is true of the individual, may it not also be true of society? Is it not possible to conceive of a social organization which is rounded and effective for humane purposes, but still has not arisen from an all-comprehending, preconceived plan, or from the direction of giant intellects which have achieved a logical fusion of all there is to know? We ought, perhaps, to inquire more closely into the true nature and function of this "social intelligence" which we have set out to acquire.

A partial illustration of social progress through trial and error to more intelligent control may be found in the realm of economics. If, a quarter-century ago, we had approached some economist and asked him to tell us all there was to know about the operation of the credit mechanism, and to draw up a complete plan for regulating it, he would have had to reply, if he were wise, that the job was impossible. The statistics were lacking, there were too many uncertainties involved. If, then, we had concluded that nothing could be done until economic science had, through research and synthesis, achieved final wisdom in this situation, we should probably be as far from our goal today as we were then. But, though our knowledge was inadequate, we did eventually set up the Federal Reserve System, primarily to obviate one observed fault in the credit mechanism—the dispersion of reserves which made money unnecessarily tight in times of crisis. Out of the operation of this system has come a wealth of statistical material which the economists could not have obtained in any other way. Out of its management has come new understanding of what it might do and what it ought to do. It is still experimenting, still facing new situations. It has made mistakes and may make others. But the fact that an instrument was set up to act has enlarged our knowledge and our power hand-in-hand. The world of trade has assimilated some new habits as a result, and may assimilate more. We shall establish routines for adjusting credit to human needs, even though nobody thought it all out beforehand. What seemed like an impossible task to the academic understanding has become more nearly possible in action.

Create institutions which have a function, relate the work of the specialists to them, and something may be done. The disciplines of knowledge are infertile unless they become disciplines of action as well. Perhaps our main need is to rid ourselves of the deadening hand of a blind social determinism, a feeling that nothing can or should be planned until our knowledge is complete. The self-sufficiency of the isolated specialist cannot be broken up merely by calling for, and waiting for, a comprehensive statement of human purposes. Our purposes, as

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well as our capacities for accomplishing them, grow by application. The goal of an intelligently ordered society may be achieved by functional growth; it can scarcely be achieved by attempting intelligently, in the study and the laboratory, to wade through the complexities of the task and to arrive at a conceptual unity. The great need is for an ambitious willingness to make a beginning at remedying some of the more pressing social maladjustments which we can see on every hand. As we proceed with the work, we may eventually find that complexities give way, one by one, to an unforeseen simplification.

The Wages of Enforcement

NEW YORK'S melodramatic police commissioner, Mr. Grover Whalen, pulled out the tremolo stop in a speech the other day on behalf of the underpaid policemen of New York City. Without going into statistics it may be accepted as a fact that the work of enforcing the law is poorly rewarded the country over. Chicago does a little better than New York, Philadelphia not quite so well, but in no city can a policeman reasonably hope for as large a daily wage as a plumber or a tile-setter. In this respect he is on a par with school teachers and clergymen. It is a curious fact about our American civilization that we give the smallest monetary rewards to those whom we hire to carry out what are presumed to be our loftiest ideals, namely, those relating to education, religion and justice. To some extent we pay in other ways. The teacher and the clergyman enjoy a certain amount of respect, though by no means as much as they used to receive one or two generations ago. The policeman has power. A traffic officer receiving at the most $2,400 a year can stop a hundred thousand dollars' worth of motor cars by a gesture of the hand and talk to a corporation president as the latter talks to his office boy. A federal enforcement agent earning the wages of a grocer's clerk can burst into a speakeasy, flourish a revolver in the faces of men and women in evening dress, arrest the bartenders and waiters, and cart away thousands of dollars' worth of liquid evidence. But this does not help to pay his rent or buy shoes for his baby.

The policeman, however, whether municipal or federal, has one recourse which teachers and clergymen have not. He can sell out. Probably there is no police force in any considerable city in this country in which illegal tribute is not regularly levied to a greater or less extent. This has been conclusively proved to be the case in Philadelphia. It is undoubtedly so in Chicago. There are abundant instances of it in New York. That corruption is widespread wherever a serious attempt is made to enforce the prohibition amendment is beyond dispute. The more severe the law and the more rigorous the policy of enforcement, the higher are the prices of evasion and exemption. Mr. Hoover has expressed the laudable purpose of looking into the operations of the Eighteenth Amendment. He would do well to look into the relation between the salaries the government pays to have the law carried out and the salaries the bootleggers are willing to pay for the privilege of breaking it.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the government, either of a city or of the United States, can outbid the enemies of the law. It may not be quite so unreasonable to contend that if one law or all law is really worth enforcing it is worth while to spend more than we are now doing. Adventure, the call of duty, patriotism—these are hardly a sufficient basis upon which to erect a stable police authority in a society which worships money and measures success by money standards. There are not enough individuals of the caliber of Plato's Guardians or Mr. Wells's Samurai. But most men, freed from immediate want, would probably rather be honest than not, and to such men a living wage, security in the job and a pension might be worth more than the children of darkness could offer. To guarantee even this much to the police in the cities and to the federal enforcement agents would lay a heavy burden on the public funds. The federal government, which has on hand an expensive naval program and must erect its annual quota of post offices, would have to scratch gravel to get at the money. Yet its failure to do so is merely a sign that we care more for chewing gum and cosmetics than we do for law enforcement. One need have very little sympathy with prohibition, and less still with the ridiculous penalties which the late Congress saw fit to impose for violating the Volstead Act, in order to feel the irony of this situation.

The difficulties of finding a solution are not merely large, they are enormous. They increase in proportion as a given law fails to command the respect of the public. As the public does not approve of burglary and highway robbery, it is not often that officials are found in cahoots with burglars and stick-up men. Since a considerable fraction of the public does approve of illegal beverages, we do find officials in partnership with bootleggers. It is the Robin Hood psychology all over again. Mr. Hoover's practical problem is to build up an *esprit de corps* which will be strong enough to resist the contagion. If he is to succeed, he must find a way of paying his enforcement agents more than they are now getting—more in money, to begin with, more in self-respect and public esteem, to continue and end with. We do not believe Congress has helped him toward these latter objectives. On the contrary, it has made his task harder by alienating a section of the public which has till now observed at least a benevolent neutrality, just as it might alienate another section by making bootlegging punishable with death. The first item in the wages of enforcement for any law is dignity and common sense. Some study will obviously be needed before we can ensure these elements even

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in the policing of gambling, prostitution and various pettier violations of law upon which most police-force graft depends. But the prohibition law is getting further and further from them. The prohibition enforcement agent is in more ways than one a sweated employee.

Glorious Folly

IN RECENT MONTHS, a curious phraseology has crept into many public utterances. It occurs in speeches and writings on international peace, and appears when the writer or orator comes to consider the possible changes in international relationships which may be expected under the Kellogg pact. "If the pact means anything at all," these writers and speakers observe, "it means. . . . " etc., etc. The striking fact about observations of this character is that whether or not the pact means anything depends precisely upon the matter of our assumptions regarding it. If the world takes it seriously, it will have validity. If the world does it lip service only, it will soon join the limbo of forgotten pious agreements, all the way back to the Congress of Vienna.

Among those who discuss the pact, and similar enterprises, in these half-hearted terms, there are doubtless some who have more faith than they are willing to admit. Practical men have a horror of seeming "idealistic," on the alleged ground that so many idealists are the sort of people no one would trust if a theater caught on fire, or the baby choked on a buttonhook. To be sure, we have come a long way in recent years toward the position formerly held only by a little band of unpractical idealists; how far, we can only estimate by looking back at the general mood of, say, the year 1913. Yet we need to go further still. We need public men who will not say cautiously, "If the Kellogg pact means anything," but "The Kellogg pact does and must mean that the governments, having agreed to renounce war, will have to live up to the implications of that pledge, and if the politicians in control are reluctant to do so, public opinion must change them, or we must get a new set of leaders."

For an example of the sort of thinking which is needed among the statesmen, one cannot do better than to quote from a speech delivered, a short time before his death, by the late Henry Bournes Higgins, Justice of the High Court of Australia and one of the most distinguished judges of the English-speaking world. Justice Higgins, speaking to an Australian audience, reminded them that more than half the expenditures of their country are still, eleven years after the end of the Great War, devoted to war purposes. He recalled the fact that three and a half million men are still under arms in Europe, although Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria have been virtually disarmed. "What is the cause of this?" he asked. "It is fear—mutual fear—degrading, unholy fear, that is at the root of these armaments."

> If we could only have faith in one another, there would be no need of them. If we could exorcise that ugly demon of mutual distrust, then the wealth procured by the labors of humanity would be available (subject to our existing war debts) for the service of humanity. And bear in mind that Viscount Grey says *"great armaments lead inevitably to war."* We have been warned that further wars are by no means impossible—wars ten times more terrible and destructive, ghastly and filthy than the war of 1914-18; wars which will be waged on helpless women and children and aged persons; wars with explosive bombs from the air; wars with the aid of submarines; wars with poison gas more effective than ever before. . . . Now, now is the time to act; now, lest we forget; now, before the generation passes which felt what modern war means! If the psychological moment be not seized, the opportunity may pass away forever; *now* is the time for courageous leadership.

Reciting the great burden which armament creates, and the folly of the hope that it can give security to any nation, he adds:

> The [Kellogg] pact is more than an aspiration; it is a definite declaration against war; it is a definite international covenant. There has been nothing like it in all the history of the world. . . . *But we now want deeds as well as words.* We want disarmament, with, probably, a disarmament commission having power to report as to the carrying out of any agreement for disarmament. We must not believe those who preach to us that men will always fight, and to the death; that it is their nature—that war is inevitable. History gives that doctrine the lie.

Comment on these brave and ringing words is superfluous, except to say that we wish there were a larger number of persons than there are, in this country, who, occupying important official positions, dared speak out as magnificently as did Justice Higgins. This is no time for ca' canny; if his views are out of accord with the hard realities of life, as the militarists will insist, we can only say in reply that if this is folly, it is glorious folly, and it contains the only hope for mankind.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT
T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
LEO WOLMAN

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The Coming Crisis in India

WITHOUT any doubt, affairs in India are now rapidly coming to a head, and a crisis may be expected, such as occurred a few years ago in China. It will require the most careful statesmanship to keep peace. The new arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, which has been reported while I have been planning this article, is itself a sign of the times. Let me start from that: for now as always, since 1918, Gandhi and Gandhi alone is the central driving force in Indian political life. If the scanty news which has reached America is correct, his arrest took place over the "Burning of Foreign Clothes." I must go back in my explanation to make clear that issue.

At the height of the non-coöperation movement, many years ago, the excitement of the masses of the Indian people had passed beyond all bounds. I can well remember the eager word that was on every man's lips at that time: "When shall we get *Swaraj* (self-government)?"

In those exciting years, Gandhi's political movement had met with amazing success. It was estimated that over twenty-five thousand had voluntarily courted arrest and gone to jail. The country had become united by a common suffering. Hindu and Mussulman were demanding the same thing. The Viceroy had very nearly agreed to call a round-table conference and come to terms with the leaders of the revolution. We have a startling revelation in Mr. Drew Pearson's interview with the Governor of Bombay, Sir George Lloyd, which admits us, as listeners-in, to the inner secrets of those days. For even Governors can be indiscreet at times. He said to Mr. Pearson in an interview:

> "Just a thin, spindly, shrimp of a fellow was Gandhi!
>
> "But he swayed three hundred and nineteen million people and held them at his beck and call. He didn't care for material things. He preached nothing but the ideals and morals of India. You can't govern a country with ideals! Still, that was where he got his grip upon the people. He was their god. India must always have its god. First it was Tilak, then Gandhi, now someone else tomorrow.
>
> "He gave us a scare! His program filled our jails. You can't go on arresting people forever, you know—not when there are 319,000,000 of them. And if they had taken his next step and refused to pay taxes! God knows where we should have been!
>
> "Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in world history; and it came within an inch of succeeding. But he couldn't control men's passions. They became violent and he called off his program.
>
> "You know the rest. We jailed him."
>
> When I asked if there was any likelihood of Gandhi's being released before his six-year term expired, he replied emphatically, "Not while I'm here. Of course my term expires in December. They can do whatever they like with him, after I go back to England."

Sir George Lloyd went back to England and a new Governor succeeded him who released Gandhi very quickly. Lord Lloyd, as he is now, went on to Egypt, where he has gained a reputation, not unlike that he had in India, as a "strong man." But such "strength" is not a match in the end for Gandhi. No doubt, with Lord Lloyd, ideals are still at a discount, in Cairo as well as in Bombay.

"You can't govern a country with ideals." It is not hard to see the contempt, coupled with fear of Gandhi, in almost every word of Lord Lloyd's interview, and it tells us much about what is happening today in India. The tragedy of the whole situation is this, that nearly every one of the national leaders is an idealist, with little practical experience of affairs, and they are face to face with one of the ablest groups of officials that the world has ever seen.

To make things worse, the masses of India are undisciplined. Now and again Mahatma Gandhi's own actions have only increased the ferment, until the cauldron has boiled over. The violence to which Lord Lloyd referred broke out first in Bombay, over the "Burning of the Foreign Clothes." Day after day that burning had gone on. For instance, I have a record of one such bonfire on Chowpatty Beach, Bombay, which was over one hundred feet high, attended by over one hundred thousand people. In his own exaltation of heart, Gandhi did not understand at first where this frenzy was leading his passive-resistance movement. But the Bombay riots, as he tells us, opened his eyes. The mob of illiterate mill-hands, whom he had encouraged to burn foreign clothes, soon began to burn other things as well. They set fire to houses and street cars, and presently killed innocent people in the streets merely because they were Europeans. In other parts of India, the same violent conflagration broke out, and thus Mahatma Gandhi's program of non-violence was defeated.

He fasted and prayed. He poured out his soul in humiliation. Then, while his own followers were on the point of rejecting his leadership, and confusion was in the non-coöperation camp, the Governor, who couldn't "govern a country with ideals," arrested him and cast him into prison.

There was no chivalry in such a deed. It was the clever move of a man of the world, watching for the exact moment to trip up the idealist and put him where he can do no more mischief. Indeed, Gandhi's arrest and trial are not altogether un-

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worthy, in certain respects, of comparison with another scene, recorded in the Gospels. He was sent to prison for six years. "You know the rest," said the Governor to Mr. Drew Pearson, "we jailed him." The Governor added that there would be no release of Gandhi in *his* term of office. But fortunately, his five years' governorship had already nearly expired, and Gandhi was released by his successor.

But a strange fatality seems to pursue the passive-resistance movement, concerning the "Burning of the Foreign Clothes," which Gandhi had initiated. I think he does not altogether believe in it himself for the furtherance of his program.

The atmosphere of Bengal today is even more violent in certain respects than that of Bombay. The young ardent spirits in Bengal have always, in their heart of hearts, favored the pathway of violence, which has appeared to them more daring and adventurous than the slow, long torture of passive resistance. It is significant that at the time of Mahatma Gandhi's arrest in Mirzapur Park, Calcutta, the "Burning of Foreign Clothes" program had been revived. It remains to be seen whether he will still continue now to defend this burning, as in accord with non-violence, or whether he will withdraw it altogether from his non-violent program. Perhaps the point may be decided before this article appears.

It has not been out of proportion to concentrate thought upon this one issue of violence or non-violence; for it represents the parting of the ways in Young India today.

Mahatma Gandhi definitely promised, at the All-India National Congress in Calcutta last December, to lead the Indian people forward in a non-violent struggle, unless the British government accepts the national demand for *Swaraj* before December 31, 1929. The sands, he affirms, are fast running out. Unless the national demand is granted during the current year, nothing short of separation from Great Britain will satisfy the people. But he has declared emphatically, at the same time, that he will only lead a struggle of passive resistance.

Within three months of this declaration, Mahatma Gandhi himself has been arrested, and the issue appears to have been over the "Burning of Foreign Clothes." It is clear already that the issue of violence or non-violence will have to be faced.

Meanwhile, two events have happened which must enormously complicate the problem. The former is the Moslem League meeting, at Delhi, presided over by His Highness the Agha Khan. It is hard to tell how far this meeting actually represented average Mussulman sentiment; but His Highness the Agha Khan's one sentence, that the Moslem community was a "nation" within India and not merely a religious community, has perhaps done more than anything else to distress those who are anxious to bring about a true Hindu-Moslem entente, uniting Indians together as one people.

The second event, long anticipated and feared by nationalists of all parties, has been the repudiation of the national demand for *Swaraj* by certain Indian princes. An organized attempt is being made to cause a split in that direction. The new National Constitution, which has been prepared by the All-Parties Committee under the chairmanship of Pundit Motilal Nehru, has been rejected by these princes on the ground that it does not sufficiently safeguard their own treaty rights. They have somewhat fulsomely expressed their own undying loyalty to the Crown.

Nevertheless, these two splits in the national unity do not disturb me so much as the appeal to violence which has been adumbrated in Calcutta by the renewed "Burning of Foreign Clothes." For that appears to me an ominous sign of the times. There is a writing on the wall, not hard to read.

Let me give some examples. In London, last year, it was easily possible for me to meet the most ardent of the younger Nationalists. They concealed nothing from me. Their own ideal was still distinctly that of *Ahimsa,* or non-violence. But they declared, almost without exception, that their own bitter experience had very nearly proved to them that the West did not understand any weapon except force. It was therefore useless to go to prison again, as they had gone before. Circumstances would, in the long run, compel an appeal to force.

Again, the All-India Trades Union Congress, held in December at Jharia, in the coal and iron districts of India, where industrial development is most strenuous, swung over in an unmistakable manner to the side of Moscow, with its ridicule of non-violence. Although the Communists are still in a minority in that Congress, they are clearly rising in importance.

Once more, in the All-India National Congress itself, the swing towards the Left has been marked. When Mahatma Gandhi pleaded for one year's delay, he was nearly out-voted. Those who voted for immediate separation thought, as far as I can gather at this distance, that the old patient methods were no longer worth trying and that more drastic methods had to be pursued. That vote in open session of the National Congress, in which roughly nine hundred voted against Mahatma Gandhi and thirteen hundred voted for him, was ominous for the future. It meant that the patience and endurance of the younger men among the Indian intelligentsia were almost exhausted.

One thing remains to be said: it is useless today to tell Young India to practise caution, or merely to point to the dangers of precipitate action. To take that course is only to inflame passion. Nothing but a great and generous deed on the part of British statesmen can save the situation now from disaster. But can such a deed be done in time?

C. F. ANDREWS.

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The Balance Sheet

The Fifth in a Series of Articles on "Men and Machines"

WE HAVE come to the end of the trail, and not without scratches and abrasions. It is now the turn of the philosophers to laugh at us, with all this wild scrambling, for our pains. Let them laugh. At least we have collected figures and facts, which sometimes do, and sometimes do not, justify their more intuitive conclusions. There are far more prickly difficulties in the way of taming the machine than the optimists have allowed for. There is less standardization, less blind machine-tending than the gloomy ones would have us suppose, though their shaking of heads as to war seems to be amply justified. Nor am I, for one, greatly impressed with the doctrine of man as the slave of mechanization. Rather engines have been enslaved by man, but the system of discipline has been so poor that riots, uprisings, stampedes, have constantly occurred, and more may be expected at any moment.

The time has come to put down, one after another, the specific effects which we have noted in our journey—together with a few which have not been noted, but are sufficiently obvious—in an attempt to see where the balance lies. The items, on this far-from-mathematical balance sheet, will be grouped under three heads: effects manifestly good; effects manifestly evil; effects containing elements of both. It is, of course, a personal appraisal with which you have every liberty to differ.

Effects Manifestly Good

The life-span of modern peoples has increased a third in the past two generations, due to medical and mechanical controls.

Higher living standards have been secured for a larger percentage of the total population than ever before—although Peru, under the Incas, and various nature peoples, located in regions of abundant food supply, have, with fewer material things, probably been more comfortable.

The shrinkage of space brought about by machinery is demonstrating more forcibly every day the essential social and economic unity of the world. It is inviting an era of international coöperation. While the logic is inevitable, the acceptance thereof is still reasonably remote.

Class distinctions founded upon land ownership and patents of nobility are gradually disintegrating, while a levelling process in respect to prestige is going on among all classes.

Hours of labor have decreased in recent years. We still work harder and longer than have many former societies, with a hundred holidays or so a year, but if the machine were permitted to function as a true labor-saving device, we could undoubtedly do better in this respect than was ever done before.

Superstition is declining. The wayfaring man is somewhat readier to ask: "What makes this thing act the way it does?" rather than to fall on his face before unknowable mysteries. He has a more causative philosophy than previous wayfaring men —which does not prevent him from manifesting quite superior idiocy in other directions.

Certain machines, particularly the automobile, have tended to expand the ego, promote self-confidence and a sense of power in persons and classes who otherwise might go timidly to their graves. This virtue has its drawbacks, but on the whole, biologically and racially, it seems to register a gain.

The mechanical operation of industry is beginning to introduce a "philosophy of fatigue," whereby careful tests determine just how long a given individual can work without fatigue poisons damaging his output. No other culture ever dreamed of such controls, which obviously make for better physical and mental health. The process is still in its infancy.

Just as pure science brought forth applied science, the necessities of industry have stimulated a great variety of researches into the fundamentals of physics and chemistry.

Cruelty as a social phenomenon has undoubtedly decreased in the last century, and, at the same time, the radius of social sympathy has increased. Who used to weep for famine sufferers in China? A citizen of Rome, one suspects, would have regarded the Red Cross as so much moonshine.

Effects Manifestly Evil

The menace of mechanized warfare grows daily more ominous.

The tenuousness of connection and balance in the interlocked industrial structure also grows. Any crisis—such as a strike of key technicians, a struggle between rival industrial groups, or an "act of God," may seriously, perhaps horribly, upset the social equilibrium. There is also an alarming shrinkage in the average man's understanding of the technology that shelters, clothes, and feeds him.

Natural resources are being exploited at a rate as alarming as it is wasteful.

Monotony in mechanical work is an ever-present evil, particularly if the worker is temperamentally ill-adjusted to the process. Even if he can stand it without loss of health, nobody knows what it is do-

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ing to him as a free and mentally independent citizen. It may be deliberately conditioning morons. There is no evidence, however, that this factor is growing, and some evidence that it is declining.

Specialized tasks are sundering the ancient trinity of work, play, and art, and thus tending to upset an admirable, and perhaps biologically necessary, human equation. Meanwhile, commercialized and mechanized recreation, with its second-hand rather than first-hand participation, is tending further to upset the equation.

Specialization has enormously promoted the importance of money, and made it the *sine qua non* of modern life. This leads to a serious confusion of values, in that the symbol displaces the underlying reality.

Workmen are displaced by machinery faster than they can be absorbed in other occupations without serious social cost. The phenomenon of accelerating unemployment, if not already here, may conceivably arrive at any moment.

The existence of more machines than purchasing power to absorb their output has led to the foolish and expensive antics of high-pressure salesmanship, and the growing danger of competitive imperialism.

Machinery has created a new ruling class based on profits, which is no improvement upon the earlier aristocracy based on land, except that its personnel is subject to a greater rate of turnover. The idle rich are not a new phenomenon, but the scale on which they now operate is unparalleled.

It is claimed that the ratio of mental diseases to the whole population is increasing. I find no satisfactory proof of this claim, but if it is true, it registers a fundamental count against the strains and stresses of machine civilization.

The increased speed and use of the mechanical process has made for a greater accident rate in the United States since 1920. This may, however, be only a temporary phenomenon while adjustment to mass production is being made.

At the present time, industry is clearly overvalued at the expense of agriculture. In the United States agriculture is in a state of depression in some of its departments all the time, and all its departments some of the time.

Mechanization has led to cities so congested that it gives little pleasure either to live in them, or to contemplate what will happen if the pressure becomes much greater. It is estimated that traffic congestion now costs the city of New York a half-billion a year. This again is not a strictly new phenomenon, but its scale is unprecedented.

Machines have engendered a volume and variety of noise hitherto unknown, and which, in the opinion of certain medical authorities, is damaging both the ears and the whole nervous system of those subject to it.

Dust and smoke constitute two additional evils of the Power Age. The one leads to an alarming mortality in diseases of the respiratory system, the other to the exclusion of sunlight with its health-giving ultra-violet rays, and to a general environmental ugliness and depression.

The first effects of introducing the machine into a civilized community are normally disastrous. The story is familiar of what happened in England. Much the same tale could be told of Japan, India, China, today. The craftsman is displaced, women and children go into the factories, wages fall, hours of labor are unendurably long, slums gather, the city disappears under a cloud of smoke. But, as we have seen, this condition is not necessarily permanent.

By and large, the impact of the machine on nature peoples has been an unrelieved story of progressive degeneration. Firearms, factory rum, and ready-made clothes, with their concomitants, have corrupted every littoral upon which they have landed.

Effects Both Good and Evil

Population has increased and migrated on an unprecedented scale during the industrial revolution. The increase has been due more to a declining death rate than to a growing birth rate. Indeed, the birth rate in the West has tended to recede in the past few generations. I see no great virtue in a gross increase in population, and a number of reasons why it is to be deplored. Migration is frequently a wholesome phenomenon, but the greatest migration of all—from farm to city—has undoubtedly been over-stimulated.

The machine has brought self-sufficiency to an end. This makes for greater productive efficiency when everything is going well, and for greater social disaster when everything is going ill.

Machines uproot old skills, but create new ones. The new may tend to lack the craftsman's individual touch, but they give the modern youngster a greater variety of occupations among which to choose.

The machine has deprived the housewife of her sometime skills, and so forced unaccustomed women into futility and neurotic unrest. It has also forced women into the wage-earning class, and thus launched the feminist movement. Feminism is hardly an unmixed blessing, but it will undoubtedly show a net gain in the ledger of history.

The factory puts women and children to work under conditions which are frequently intolerable. But if conditions are made tolerable—as they can be—it is possible to regard machinery as something of a benefactor in providing useful work for whole classes hitherto restrained therefrom by virtue of physical handicaps. Children, of course, should be kept out of industry—except as a part of their regular schooling—but I see no reason why women, old people, handicapped people, should not become producers under proper conditions.

In the mass-production industries, a man may earn as much at twenty as at forty—quite possibly more. This upsets all known traditions, but I am not sure it is necessarily an evil thing. Youth has greater capacity to enjoy a good income.

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The Power Age has broken up the *mores* of marriage, the family, religion, to a marked degree. This has made for a large amount of social unrest, but the question remains whether the *mores* should not be jolted out of their ancient step now and again, particularly when they were, like Puritanism, not working very well. It is a painful process, but perhaps invigorating.

Quantity production in goods and printed matter has made for uniformity over a wider area than has obtained in any previous culture—save possibly that of China. This uniformity, however, is subject to frequent and drastic change. Nothing has really crystallized, and the charge of standardization, historically considered, is something in the nature of a false alarm. That much of the uniformity obtaining at any given moment is oppressive cannot be denied.

The machine has ruthlessly destroyed a whole age of art, but is busy creating a new age, which has already achieved distinction in architecture and design. The process, furthermore, is by no means complete; give the machine a few more decades.

The quality of certain goods has fallen, while the quality of others has improved. If the machine is kept within its technological limits, it can provide a whole new budget of useful, durable, and even beautiful products. Regard an ocean liner, a well built motor car, an aeroplane. We also note the beautiful mechanisms employed to turn out terrible trash—for instance, the broadcasting control-board, with a cheap politician before the microphone.

We tend to draw our knowledge increasingly from written documents and decreasingly from first-hand experience, as did the guild apprentice. This divorces us from reality, but gives us wider scope. Where the balance lies, I do not know.

Life moves faster than it ever did; there is far more to experience, and rather less emotional ability with which to experience it. Compare the accounts of the travels of Marco Polo with those of Mr. Aldous Huxley. Some fundamental capacity to savor life is missing from the emotional make-up of Mr. Huxley and his friends. They know too much and do not feel enough. The machine has overeducated them. It overeducates many of us.

When the workman left his cottage and his shop for the factory, he lost his economic independence. He gave up his own tools, and operated tools owned by somebody else. He ceased to control his own time and his own job. So long as the force that owns the factory has no interest in labor except as a commodity, the workman is distinctly worse off than before. If, however, the force—as is now the case in Russia, and among certain employers elsewhere—regards the workman as a human being for whose benefit the wheels of industry are principally turning, he may well stand to gain more than he has lost. Goods can be produced with less labor by the machine, and in no other way can his standard of living be markedly increased. In the last analysis, more economic independence is to be secured in a machine technology, humanly controlled, than ever obtained in the handicraft era.

There is some overlapping in the above lists, but it is inevitable. All items are part of one organic phenomenon—prime movers clanking about in the social structure. The reader must draw his own conclusions, but as I study the schedules, I incline to the belief that machinery has so far brought more misery than happiness into the world. It has, however, brought the fresh winds of change; and with them, vitality and invigoration. We are not in the lock-step of the Middle Ages or of the later days of Egypt. With change, improvement is always possible. The trend is towards improvement in many departments. If the triple menaces of war, technological tenuousness, and failure of natural resources can be forestalled, and some sort of conscious functional control inaugurated, perhaps in another generation the net balance may fall on the other side.

Of the evil effects which we have noted, not all are due to the fact of mechanization, but rather to the manner in which it has been used. Gasoline is a good thing, but not when used to light the kitchen stove. Is it possible to segregate those evils which are implicit in the machine itself from the more or less extraneous evils which have been created by its human direction—or lack of direction?

The Russians today are intensely interested in machinery; after Lenin, their patron saint is Henry Ford. Now, let us suppose that they succeed in their ambition of mechanizing their country, operating all mechanisms for the benefit of the wayfaring man, and entrusting the job of carrying out these policies to committees of intelligent and honest men and women.

Granting these generous assumptions, all perversions and misuses drop out of the picture; the only evils still surviving are those inherent in the structure, irrespective of its control. The inherent dangers would be cast something in this order:

Mechanized warfare.

The margin of inevitable technological tenuousness.

The divorce of the trinity of work, play and art, following the mandatory process of specialization.

The substitution for old skills of new ones of possibly a less rewarding nature.

A certain amount of social maladjustment due to the inevitable break-up of the time-honored folk-ways of marriage, the family, religion.

The speeding up of life.

The creation of a small robot class.

Population increases, due to a declining death rate.

Possibly a greater ratio of mental diseases (due to the fact that certain individuals cannot adjust to the mechanical process).

More geographical uniformity at any given time in dress, habits, manners, and a faster turnover in such standards.

A possible softening of racial stock due to high levels of comfort long maintained.

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The above are the probable penalties which any people accepting machinery, even under the best of conditions, must face. They are serious, but I confess I see nothing in the list to cause us to turn our backs, with Mr. Oswald Spengler, upon machinery forever. The worst of all is war, but that is subject to control if the mechanized nations can be shocked into making the effort. Certain of the other items, such as change in skill, speed, uniformity, too much comfort, can also be controlled through a long period of intelligent experimentation, though nobody knows how to control them yet. If and when such controls were inaugurated, the danger from mental diseases would undoubtedly be diminished.

Indeed, in the last analysis, only two outstanding difficulties seem to remain: the margin of technological tenuousness, which is inherent in the structure; and the specialized occupations, which also appear to be basic. A man, however, is said to be a superior organism to a jellyfish. It may be that a social organism with a highly developed nervous system will be found superior to a jellyfish society with hardly any nervous system.

When it comes to specialized occupations, I confess to serious perplexity. If these can be proved biologically harmful in the long run, we may have to discontinue a large section of the factory system, and go back to handicrafts—with electrical equipment to aid us—for many commodities. There is no sense in using a system to maintain a high standard of living if the life process itself is being undermined. Programs like that of Mr. Benton MacKaye for regional planning already include a handicraft revival in a decentralized industrial structure, fed by unlimited cheap power.

If you take all the evil effects shown on the second and third lists, and deduct the items shown on the fourth and last, you secure an inventory of evils due to the manner in which the machine is at present operated, rather than those inherent in the machine itself. I will save the trouble of making the subtraction by naming the worst of them.

Too many machines; excess plant capacity.
Too much labor in distribution and the overhead services.
Unemployment, cyclical and technological.
A badly balanced flood of goods, often useless, often adulterated.
Super-congestion in urban areas.
Ugliness in many areas.
Smoke, noise, and dust in needless volume.
Over-mechanized play.
A small, but very expensive, parasitic class.

The only offset to the losses suffered when the machine runs without functional control is a possible greater rate of innovation, invention, and promotion. It does seem rather costly, however, to burden a community with such grievous additional loads as those just listed in order that a handful of inventors—or, better, their promoters—may make a great deal of money, and quite possibly increase the factor of technological tenuousness into the bargain. It may be argued that applied technology would never have progressed had it been subject to functional control. This may or may not be true, but suppose that it is. Would it not be a moderately good idea to organize and utilize the present quite considerable volume of invention for the general benefit of mankind, even at the price of a somewhat lower invention rate—say, seven new discoveries a week, rather than fourteen? I am willing to put off that promised trip to Mars for a few years, in exchange for a city planned for comfortable and civilized living. As a matter of fact, many technicians frankly say that they could do better work if they were not constantly impeded by the profit motives of business men.

The machine of itself brings certain dangers and certain benefits. To my mind the latter outweigh the former. The machine as currently utilized brings a whole train of additional dangers with no corresponding benefits, save a possible expansion in the invention rate. When the two blacklists are added together, the dangers outweigh the benefits. If, however, current usage can be modified to give the machine the maximum chance to prove its worth, the scale comes heavily down on the plus side. Russia has a chance to apply such modification, but she has not much in the way of a technical plant to apply it upon. Other nations, particularly the United States, have the technical plant, but very little desire to modify it on the part of those who are in a position to bring about the necessary adjustments.

But most important of all, granting all the will in the world, is a functional control possible; is the human brain capable of directing the billion horses so that they will not constantly break into stampede?

II

Suppose that, with fifty million motor cars on the roads, traffic in the republic has congealed, moving with the dignity of a glacier, and food supplies can no longer reach the inhabitants of great cities in adequate quantities. . . . Or, suddenly, one urban person in three becomes totally deaf, while the insanity rate has doubled in a year, and threatens to double again. . . . Without warning, salt water invades the oil fields of Colombia, ending the world's last great reservoir of petroleum; new sources of power must be developed, and that immediately.

Choose your crisis. One of the first magnitude has been reached. A terrified population has renounced whatever democracy it theoretically possessed, created an absolute dictatorship, and given it into the hands of one man. Assume for a moment that you, dear reader, are that man. You are enjoined not only to end the emergency, but to take steps to end all probable future emergencies arising from technological causes. You are tendered a rodeo to run, with a billion wild horses in the ring.

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The Graybar Building in New York is turned over to you, for, of course, you will operate where the live nerves gather, rather than from a remote center like Washington. You settle the immediate crisis, as could any intelligent and competent individual wielding unlimited power, though we will grant that there has been a certain finish about your performance that is unique. Whatever must be done forthwith, is done. But now your real work begins. You have to eliminate the machine from all areas where its presence is over-dangerous, either because of the generation of possible cataclysms, or because of slow degenerative wear and tear on the social structure. Having found out where those areas are, you have to lay down principles for permanent control. Finally, you must exert that control until the process is running smoothly enough to be taken over by more democratic auspices.

Far be it from a statistical Don Quixote to instruct the Dictator in his duties, but if you should honor me with an unofficial conference behind the battery of television telephones upon your desk, I might make a few respectful and highly tentative suggestions:

You must take the lead among your fellow rulers in suppressing war machines.

You must check the blind and furious activity of machines in the erection of cities already over-congested, and transfer that energy to a program of decentralization and regional planning. Mr. J. Russell Smith and Mr. Benton MacKaye can give you sound advice in this connection.

You must eliminate pumps, steam shovels, tractors and all other mechanical equipment from mines, wells, forests, and cotton fields, until those which remain exert only a reasonable and prudent drain upon natural resources.

You must seriously inaugurate, for the first time in history, the deliberate policy of allowing labor-saving devices to save labor—*every factor taken into consideration.* This means that the bloated facilities of distribution must be deflated in favor of a straight line system. It means the withdrawal of all machines and all power which now operate to stimulate cross-hauling, super-salesmanship, competitive advertising, and other agencies wasting labor in the march of commodities from factory door to ultimate consumer.

You must forbid machines to make flimsy or adulterated goods. You must eject them from all manufacture of near-art objects. You must limit their function in providing passive, rather than active forms of recreation. Any mechanism caught over-speeding in the realm of styles and annual models must be drastically slowed down.

Safety devices must be placed on all dangerous machines, either in respect to potential accidents or industrial diseases. Any whose basic design is dangerous beyond the limits of reasonable control shall be beaten into plowshares and tractor-parts.

Haste on the part of any machine to supplant workers faster than you can re-locate them, or adjust their hours of labor, shall be punished by a prompt withdrawal of lubricating oil.

Finally, no worker shall permanently operate a mechanism until he is first tested as to his physiological and psychological fitness. Machines which give negative reactions in all cases tested shall be melted down in the nearest blast furnace.

These are my initial suggestions in respect to the areas where the activity of machines should be curtailed. If your patience is not exhausted, I can offer one or two more covering the technique of control.

I advise you to lose no time in securing a firm grip upon two industrial departments—natural resources, and prime power sources, particularly central stations. This control should be utilized to close down high-cost units in over-equipped industries; if the personnel is more than efficient, shorten hours. Permit resources and power to be used only by employers who show a necessary article or service, reasonably well made by methods which impose no physical or mental degeneration upon employees. Fatigue curves, and the excellent ground work of the Safety Council, will greatly facilitate your decisions here.

Stimulate new invention by shifting capital from the more intricate ramifications of, say, the toothpaste traffic to great laboratories for serious research; and further, by protecting inventors—an innocent and gullible race—against the short shrift usually granted them by promoters. In this connection it will be well to conduct a thorough raid upon the closeted inventions of various large corporations, and inventory the social value of putting such patents into immediate technical operation.

Encourage all industrial activities that require skilled work, as against routine and repetitive processes. At the same time, speed up the development of the automatic function, replacing robots with skilled designers and maintenance men. In your decentralization program, it may be well to provide for a certain amount of local handicraft, aided by electric motor, in order to keep citizens interested in the output of their own hands, and also to stimulate a new Power-Age art. Remember that leisure without interest is a boomerang.

Delegate no executive function to any lawyer, actor, banker, orator, professional labor leader, professional politician, or professional radical. The exigencies of their trades have deprived such persons of all perspective, and all power to deal with concrete realities—potent as may be their dealings in the realms of metaphysics or emotion. Machines, like horses, can be tamed only by men who understand them. You must find your staff among engineers, architects, scientists, air pilots, physicians, surgeons, skilled machinists, plant foremen, and among the younger business men not yet undone by too close an association with the sales department. You can pick up a good staff officer here and there in the old government services, such as the Bureau of Mines, or the Bureau of Standards, and, surprising as it may seem, here and there in the colleges. (And that reminds me that another early step should be to lift about one hundred million

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dollars out of the cosmetic industry and apply it to the salaries of university professors.) You had best place little confidence in journalists and authors, though a poet and a painter or two might be useful in salting the more unimaginative moments of the engineers. Advertising men with sufficient irony as to their former activities can be well and happily employed in promoting great campaigns for public health, safety, and education.

It is difficult enough to attempt the control of the physical machine, without tolerating any misbehavior on the part of the financial system. This elaborate structure is in the last analysis nothing more than so much wind. Its present power is tremendous, but so are the charms of an African conjurer. You must use it at the outset to secure unlimited credit and a high volume of purchasing power to tide you over the reconstruction period. Ultimately it should take its place far below that of engineering, as a simple and adequate medium of exchange.

And for this reason: money and credit take on great importance in an economy of scarcity—the only economy history had to record before 1900. But in the economy of world-distributed abundance, which you are now inaugurating, the importance is bound to decline. If there is more than enough to go around, and no specter of poverty or of economic insecurity, the piling up of private fortunes, and the system which has hitherto permitted them to pile up, become reasonably pointless. Both the driving need for individual material security, and the desire to secure prestige through great accumulations are undermined in a community where everyone is well-to-do. Riches can preen its feathers over poverty, but not over universal wealth. Prestige will have to be sought in other, and possibly nobler, channels.

In some such fashion you marshal your forces, and dispatch your orders from the Graybar Building, which is presently to stand bathed in sunshine, surrounded by plazas, lagoons, and shade trees. In some such fashion the State Planning Commission is now starting to function in Russia, and the British Liberal party, by virtue of its program published in 1928, hopes to induce England to function in the future. Many vested rights will be seriously disturbed, many soft berths demolished. Nor can I answer for the tumult on the stock exchange, so you had best declare a moratorium. There will be many anxious days to begin with; but so long as the billion horses pull, the economy of abundance functions technologically, and mass purchasing power is released in sufficient volume, there is nothing fundamentally to fear.

A pretty picture if you like, but only a picture. Even you, dear reader, would fail as the dictator. I sketch its outlines solely to show the terms upon which the machine can be expected to capitulate. If we do not like these terms, and most of us do not, well and good. The machine continues to revolve in its own race track, breeding and expanding according to laws which we do not even understand; unbroken and untamed. We continue as best we may to dodge the wheels of that orbit—working harder, playing less, worrying and suffering more than there is any necessity except blind stupidity for doing. We must continue to dodge the wheels until, some time within the next generation, a lesion so unbelievably drastic impends that we may be forced to accept these terms, however reluctantly; until, indeed, a practical dictatorship is thrust upon us.

What that dictatorship will be, I have no clear idea. Perhaps a super-trust, coördinating all big business in corporate form, and undertaking the task for a flat 8 percent on its own new issues, in which all other corporation stocks and bonds of vital value will be funded. Perhaps a group of embattled technicians will come to the fore, organized along the lines of Mr. Wells's "open conspiracy"—men and women who have faced the problem of functional control and are willing to try to put it into tangible operation. Perhaps a working-class revolution. Perhaps a very strong, theoretically constitutional President, with a compact congressional majority behind him—something like Mr. Woodrow Wilson during the War.

But perhaps the lesion will never come and no dictatorship born of crisis arise. This eventuality is remote but conceivable. The case of the gloomy prophets has been adjusted and corrected, but it has not been disposed of. The fruits of a wise dictatorship must somehow be achieved, if by a longer and less drastic road. Man is not the slave of his machines, but he has allowed them to run unbridled, and his next great task is, by one method or another, to break them to his service.

I see three possibilities immediately before us. We can do nothing, except a little minor herding, as at present; or we can officially adopt some simple formula, like "government by business," state socialism, consumers' coöperation, or free competition—coined in an age that could not foresee the developments of modern technology; or we can face the situation and all its implications with nothing to guide us but our native intelligence and a will to conquer.

The stars, alas, predict the first; Russia proved the futility of the second when the Marxian formula gave way to the New Economic Policy, which is another name for pragmatism; the last is the great adventure, the boldest, most exhilarating, most dangerous adventure that ever challenged the intelligence and spirit of mankind. From our brains have sprung a billion horses, now running wild and almost certain sooner or later to run amuck. Where are the riders with their whirling ropes; where the light-hearted youths to mount, be thrown, and rise to mount again? STUART CHASE.

(This is the fifth and last of Mr. Chase's series of articles.)

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Washington Notes

THE TRANSITION from a negative to a positive administration, from solemn stagnation and camouflaged feebleness in the White House to constant activity and real force, has not been accomplished without considerable bewilderment in political and journalistic circles here in Washington. It has been so long since anything like initiative or originality has been associated with or expected from the presidency that the daily spectacle of a fast-thinking, energetic and ceaselessly industrious Chief Executive is not an easy thing for everybody around here to adjust himself to.

Nearly all of them lag behind. The new President is anywhere from one to three and a half jumps ahead of the procession. The net result is that we have a renewed outburst of the Hoover superman publicity in various parts of the country. Sunday magazine stories re-describing him as incredibly efficient have been fairly numerous, and the more nimble of the hit-and-run writers, active in the Hoover behalf before and after the Kansas City convention, are making contracts right and left with the monthly and weekly magazines for articles dealing with the "great constructive force" now at the head of the government. In addition, somewhat mysterious full-page advertisements highly eulogistic of the Hoover accomplishments have been prepared by a large Chicago advertising firm and sent to newspaper publishers with the modest request that they be used gratis as a contribution toward "building up business confidence."

I do not wish to carp or cavil without reason, and certainly mine is not a destructive nature. None the less it does seem to me that this rehashing of the superman stuff is a bit premature. No doubt it will have the desired effect with the moronic masses, who in the past five years have greedily gulped presidential propaganda with far less real substance than this. Also, it is probably good strategy to build up popular sentiment back of the President at this time as an aid to his coming struggle with Congress. It greatly adds to his weight—if it is his purpose to bring it to bear, and I am credibly informed it is. All of this may be true, but it seems a little early to organize the cheering section for Mr. Hoover's presidential achievements. For one thing, he has not had time as yet to achieve very much. He has hardly had time to do more than reveal exactly what he wants to achieve. For another, anything real in the way of achievement depends upon his success in dealing with the extra session of Congress soon to convene. As to that, it is impossible to predict.

Far be it from me to detract from credit due Mr. Hoover for what he has done in the three short weeks he has been President. The oil conservation order, the burial of the White House Spokesman and his refusal to let the politicians gum up his ideas and absorb his time with their petty patronage problems ought to commend themselves to any fair-minded man. Also the calm celerity and completeness with which he reversed the Mellon-Coolidge policy of no publicity for the gigantic refunds on income-tax payments of corporations was striking and significant. This reversal not only recognized the justice of the resentment, in Congress and out, over the consistent withholding of information on these refunds by the Treasury, but it was highly interesting as indicating that in this administration, Mr. Mellon, so long as he remains Secretary of the Treasury, in broader matters of policy, will be told what to do by the President and not by his comparatively bright and relatively young assistants.

It does appear, however, that the reason for enthusiasm around Washington over the Hoover action in these last few weeks is more because of the unconscious contrast with the Coolidge inaction than because of any display of Hoover genius. These are the clearly indicated steps of an executive capable of intelligent analysis, equipped with the power of decision and accustomed to action. It is a big change, and one for the better, which naturally makes news, but we ought to wait a while before proclaiming the new "sales manager," as the advertisements now call him, a presidential genius. We ought to wait, for example, until we see how far, if anywhere, he gets in making prohibition palatable, what sort of farm-relief bill he wangles through Congress, how successful he is in curbing the insatiable and heretofore irresistible tariff lobby, already in the front-line trenches awaiting the Grundy word to go over the top.

The apprehensions of the "corps of correspondents" concerning the Hoover attitude toward them have been demonstrated to be unfounded and their grievances proved fanciful. Since then, an apparently uncontrollable impulse has developed among the more conspicuous members of the "corps" to talk and write about themselves—as if they were a matter of public interest. Scarcely one of the bigger "by-line boys" has failed to pen, within the past three weeks, a long piece telling in detail of the new "press relations" with the President and how surprisingly satisfactory they are to the press—as though the public generally cared about that. The chief idea of these articles is to show that getting his relations satisfactory to the correspondents was an exceedingly vital thing to Mr. Hoover and that it is a good thing for him that he succeeded. Perhaps they are right, but I do not believe he took that view of it. In fact, I have reason to believe the Hoover notion was that unless the relations could be arranged in a way satisfactory to him, it would be better not to have relations at all.

However, the pieces written on this subject were harmless enough. The only point worth making is that they are indicative of a slight loss of perspective upon the part of the writers and are based on the erroneous conception that the small details of when and how the correspondents see the President are news in which readers generally are interested. But the written articles did not have that touch of absurdity contributed by some of the journalistic radio broadcasters with whom the air has recently been depressingly full. One of these told his "friends of the radio audience" that the correspondents, after Mr. Hoover's appeal for their coöperation and support, had met him in "the same spirit" and were determined to give him a fair chance. It is pretty hard to beat that.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Purest Ray Serene

1840-1925

THREE YEARS AGO, in Louisville, there died at eighty-five a remarkable woman, Mrs. Emily Andrews Davison, and now a book written by her friend Eleanor Marcein Kelly, at the instigation of Mrs. Davison's daughters and privately printed at the Riverside Press in Cambridge, has appeared.

"Chronicle of a Happy Woman" would in some ways gain by more accuracy of detail, more fact and history; for we cannot be indifferent to such fullness of living, nor to such contacts as those the young singer made in New York in the seventies, nor to that year in Victorian London, 1878 it was. We should like to know more, not only of her, but of the world around this young girl, from her birth in a college atmosphere—Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio—to her first singing at thirteen, when her voice in the choir made her father sure that he must send her to Columbus for lessons. Then came Jenny Lind to Columbus, and in her figure, the figure of ambition, first recognized in the fresh heart of this adoring girl who heard her. Her sister had married in the East, and at eighteen Emily came to New York to study, and sang in a Brooklyn choir. Then came marriage and the Civil War, children, and, with things going none too well under the gallant husband's management, her second visit to New York, where in due time she was invited to appear in a charity event, was coached by Joan van den Hoff, sang the leading role in "L'Elisir d'Amore" and electrified the professional critics, the most illustrious one of whom, Richard Grant White, wrote, "It was the greatest first performance I ever saw." Next day came the offer at the Academy of Music, for three appearances a week, at a thousand dollars a week, a lavish honorarium in those days; "L'Elisir d'Amore" was to be the opera. The offer was refused. "I gave up the idea of an operatic career," she said, "because my husband opposed it."

There were further "reverses," which was the old polite word for them in that day, and the young mother herself decided to seek her fortunes and butter the family's bread. She and her husband set out for London, to gain the foreign recognition that would open all doors in America. They are in London and letters pour home to the children, with messages for the servants and friends, and with a school of facts and inspiration for the children's education. We have only hints in the book, drawn from those copious letters, of that terrible boarding-house in Kensington, of the processions, galleries, and, at a distance, celebrities and occasions that she sees. Then the letters of introduction take effect. Her friends come to be the Canon of Westminster, Matthew Arnold, Charles Reade, the novelist, Sir Arthur Sullivan—"a Lord Dundreary with brains," horribly bored by his success, and pretending to have forgotten his too popular "Sometime," though he was able to play her accompaniment for it very beautifully; George Eliot, —"She was dressed in a very Quakerish sort of garb, with one of those China shawls with a long fringe which accentuated her thinness because it clung to her so. I would not like to say she was thin as a shad; but she was very slender and narrow between the shoulders, but with that wonderful face"; Mr. Browning, who insisted on sitting behind the piano and talking with the new American soprano between her numbers, English and foreign princes and lords, and finally M. Gustave Doré, returning from Paris, who hears her sing and begs her to go home with him to take the leading role in the new opera that his friend Gounod is writing. That would mean Paris at her feet, and a great prince has already promised her Germany.

That intelligent eye, always young and sharp, with a twinkle in it, that capacity for hero worship without snobbism, and that belief in all that is beautiful in life, show in these letters—what glimpses we are granted of them. She sings at Manchester, Belfast, everywhere, with success; and at length comes to a thing undreamed-of, she shares a program with Jenny Lind. And then in the midst of it all she decides to follow her husband, who has gone home, and to return to her children. The decision comes to her at Christmas, when she is staying at a great country house, where Warren Hastings once lived, where there is a sun-dial window dated 1797, and dinner parties every night. She buys presents for them all, the cook, too, the nurse, the neighbors, and for herself, to impress the family, a new dress, at twenty-five dollars, camel's hair and velveteen, which fits very nicely, and another bonnet, which in Louisville you could not get under twenty dollars, but which London sells for seven dollars, fills her remaining engagements, and sails for home, where, in the lack of any need for them, the letters cease.

What things there are in all this that we should like to know and that would bring back that time to us! The "Chronicle of a Happy Woman" leaves them only hinted at. And yet in its way it is a wise book to do so. What arises from its pages is the personality; the wonder and beauty of soul; the friendly human enthusiasm; the interest in the natural world which began in the days when the little girl lay flat on her back in the observatory that was in her father's house in Delaware, Ohio, with the map of the heavens on the floor beside her, and made herself certain of the stars, the fixed stars, the constellations of the Pleiades, Orion and the rest, and lasted till the end of her life; her religious gift; and finally her lifelong passion for music. And we are led to realize her place with her family, and with the city where she lived. On her eightieth birthday all Louisville turned out in her honor, the newspapers, the singing in the churches, the writers of letters and poems, the makers of albums and tributes, among whom came with his poem her grandson, her own blood, Basil Davenport, whose translation, done while he was still in college, of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" had won convincing praise. But the core of her life, homely and happy and right, remains what it was when she wrote—how many years ago!—to her children, who were on a visit to their grandfather: "It is quite late in the evening, the frogs and crickets are singing outside the house, and once in a while a big June bug comes bumping against the wire screen: the screens are a great comfort. Papa is downstairs, reading and smoking, baby is asleep in her crib. It is very pretty here."

Many people have said that Jenny Lind's refusal to sing in opera, on religious grounds, was a sign she was not a born artist; and these same people might say the same of Mrs. Davison.

But the case is not so simple as that. In the first place,

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a singer is an interpretative artist, not a composer, not a creative artist in that particular sense and with that special propulsion toward expression. And there are other things besides music in life to interpret. Mrs. Davison's choice, when she gave up what was an assured brilliance in her career, was probably clear to her; just as it was clear to her, the choice she had made, on the day many years later, when she said, "I shall sing no more," meaning never to be an old singer; and kept her decision—all things were to be perfect in their kind. This sort of choice may not be easy to understand in our days, when we are freer from convention and ideas of womanhood, husbands and family love, but more vulgar and exhibitionistic; but Mrs. Davison never seemed confused. What made her give up a public career was the evident division in her life that would be forced upon her, and she chose that side of it that was at home. It was a decision that nobody could debate then or now, it belongs to the woman herself.

I met Mrs. Davison once, one evening at Sewanee, during some summer enterprise of the University of the South. She had been playing an accompaniment for a young singer, as only a fine singer would know how to play it. She was seventy then, and though I never saw her after that interval, we had become friends, and to her offices I owed great good fortune in the friendship of others, most of them famous and much sought after in a wider world than hers was then in Louisville. There is no need to go into that, except to say that I owe her less for them than for herself, a debt that I repay very faintly now with this added testimony to her splendor. I saw no signs of renunciation about her, but only those qualities of which this published memorial affords a hint. Her face was sweet, gentle, twinkling, with a certain mystery of full life, a certain directness, goodness and wit. It speaks well for that Southern life in Louisville that she was able to flower there, simply and without cant or pose, and with no pains to turn into an egotism the future she had set aside, and that she was able to express down through her old age the necessities of her nature with such serene security, magnetism and strong, humorous love. STARK YOUNG.

Midsummer Day

Good idlers of my village street
If you today should chance to meet
One brushing past with heedless feet
That you have known as me,
I beg your patient courtesy
If you instead should merely see
A body lightened of its ghost
With all its senses playing host
To shy delights that once were lost
When it was spirited at birth
Away from its wild mother earth
And brought in by the tended hearth.
Oh, humor it this holiday!
Grant it be free as air to stray
And keep at will sweet tryst with clay.
If flesh be grass, so let it lie,
At peace with time—with none to sigh:
Prepare at dusk to droop and die!

HELEN MCAFEE.

On the Sidelines

The Mexican Revolution from across the Border

ALONG our southern border, the theory respectably prevails that local sentiment reprobates and deplores revolutions in Mexico. All the way from Brownsville to San Diego, when one breaks out, you can read in the border's best newspapers editorial laments that the Mexicans have chosen to support their causes with bullets instead of ballots, and pure hopes that eventually, if not in the present struggle, the neighbors will learn that the American way of choosing Presidents for their theological soundness and Middle-Western accent is best. Officially speaking, the border's attitude toward revolutions is not only one of chilling disapproval. It is superior, academic and even remote.

Traveled "borderers" often reflect similar, if less academic, sentiments in their favorite pastime of telling innocent hinterland acquaintances the real What's-What about Mexico. "Sure," they insist, "we don't want any trouble over there. Those people across the line aren't worth a damn, but they're our labor supply and our customers. Why should we want 'em to go out shooting each other?"

But actually, the border dotes on revolutions. Between them, life in its thriving, but remote and parochial centers, is as dull as a pastoral by an Iowa realist. When they occur, unimportant and little-advertised towns suddenly can strut in the red light of international publicity, and their citizens strut with them. Its inhabitants, ordinarily sunk in the refinements of the local coal or overall business, automatically become experts on an obscure situation demanding national attention. The pomposity of knowing "inside information" and repeating confidentially communicated rumors is theirs without asking. They thrill simultaneously with the correctly Nordic sense of superiority to the swarthier neighbors fighting over nothing, and with the consciousness of secret and not quite correctly neutral sympathies and alliances in the conflict. More or less shady characters, engaged in a revolution's extra-legal fixing operations, and distinguished Mexican personages in quasi-diplomatic capacities, bring a proper glamor to frontier street corners and hotel lobbies. While the "borderers" stare and gather scraps of intrigue and strategy from the lighter conversations of these worthies, they relish the prospect that such an important business as bloodshed may take place within range of their own opera glasses with practically perfect safety to themselves. Business may be temporarily interrupted, but, what with the gun-running and the federal agents' purchasing accounts and the possible troop mobilizations on this side, a revolution isn't such a bad gamble for the border, even in a business way.

Except for old-timers who grouch critically about the bigger and better revolutions of the Villa period, the border's major effort is to convince itself that its war experiences are, or are likely to be, rather tremendous. It is a bit difficult to keep this impression going, along with the idea that revolutionary warfare is a strictly comic series of pop-gun battles between inferiors. Still, with enough zeal and rhetoric the border can just about manage it. The recent "battle of Juarez," for instance, with a

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fatality list of perhaps a dozen, was played before a press gallery from adjacent El Paso which, so far as stylistic gusto is concerned, might have been covering the last stand at Verdun or Armageddon. "A sullen night, then came the dawn," the border metropolis' reporters wrote in their best front-line manner, and their stories were as full of whining bullets and shattering machine-gun cadences as a True Confessions story is of lingerie. When the last smashed saloon window had been counted and the defeated federals had retired to eat American army rations at Fort Bliss, "Juarez, like other war-torn cities, was bravely and heroically carrying on." For all the local pains bestowed upon the thrills of the occasion, it might have been Ypres. While the press struggled for telling phrases, El Paso's 50,000 American-born inhabitants hung from the hills and housetops with opera glasses, expectantly, though for the most part vainly, seeking the unique experience of seeing a fellow creature knocked over by a bullet.

And when the bullet-flying ceased, the quest for really literal contacts with warfare began. Over the international bridge for two days Texas-licensed cars carried an endless line of American gentlemen and ladies bent on proving to their physical satisfaction that bullets really smashed things. Excitedly they probed 'dobe walls for bullet holes, exclaiming, especially the ladies, with happy little screams of satisfaction when they found, or thought they had found, one. Gapingly they inspected the disfiguring circles drilled in two or three barroom mirrors. Christian high-school girls and their escorts looked curiously at the gutters and besieged the Hotel Rio Bravo, last stronghold of the federal defense, for the uplifting, but unfortunately no longer existent, bloodstains.

The really esoteric joys of Mexican revolutions, however, come to the border's in-on-the-secret boys. The moment fighting, or even pronunciamentos, break out below the Rio Grande, the hundreds of "borderers" who chronically infest newspaper offices and other southwestern centers of information with confidential reports that "something big is going to crack over there in about six weeks," are in ecstasy. Haven't they been telling you all along just how this thing was going to happen? Well now, lemme give you the *real* low-down on all this. . . .

The border, once a revolution breaks out, hugs its impression that it is official eye-witness to a peculiarly amusing form of low military comedy. "Mexicans don't mind being lined up against a wall and shot," every really conventionally-minded "borderer" will tell you. "They're so dumb they get a kick out of it." Even while the thrill-seekers are still hunting bullet holes and bloodstains, some droll tale of the neighbor's low combative prowess is being passed around and cherished as proof of the Nordic breed's superior mettle. "Sure," one of the in-on-the-secret lads informs you, "the federals had a couple o' companies stationed on the roof of the Rio Bravo. An' the moment the shooting started those bozos just naturally climbed down the rear fire escape and beat it for the river. Their officers didn't know they were gone, an' so they charged down the stairs at the rebels an' two out of four of 'em got bumped off. It wasn't bravery that killed 'em, though. Just dumbness in not knowing their gang had quit on 'em."

As part of its superiority complex, the border likes to dally with the fond idea that one of these days, regular fighting men like us—especially U. S. Army soldiers—may go in. On a train from El Paso to Tucson, two or three days after the present revolution opened, three drummers were hectically creating military strategy over a Southern Pacific dinner.

"I heard in El Paso today"—the rumor-bearer is the commonest of all revolutionary phenomena—"that they were goin' to try to get Lindbergh in Mexico City."

"The hell you say," stormed the second drummer, his face contorted with berserk indignation. "By God, if they do, this government'll have our regular army all over their lousy republic in about twenty-four hours."

"I'll say we will." And all three gave themselves up to the thrill of realizing that they belonged to a nation that could lick Mexico with one hand tied behind its back.

In such ways, the border reprobates revolutions as pious Americans should. Also, as between the contestants its attitude is officially neutral. That is to say, every "borderer" of any business experience knows how to tell representatives of all factions that he is for them—to their faces. In its own privacies, though, and over its own highballs, the border tells its sympathies more confidingly. Always these are with the rebels and Washington ought to know enough not to mix in on the wrong side of things that it can't understand. "If they keep on at it long enough down there," says the border, "one of these days they're bound to turn up another Diaz. That damn bunch of bolsheviks in control there now give me a pain in the neck. The United States had ought to keep their hands off a good thing. . . . Sure, make Mexico a white man's country yet."

DUNCAN AIKMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

President Lowell and the Sacco Alibi

SIR: The editorial in your issue of March 13, 1929, on "President Lowell and the Sacco Alibi," seems to me barely to hint at the true significance of the episode.

The agreement between President Lowell and counsel for the defense and the Commonwealth at the outset of the investigation was that only those witnesses who had *new evidence* to offer would appear before the Lowell Committee. William G. Thompson and Herbert B. Ehrmann, counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, were to supply a list of such witnesses for the defense; Assistant District Attorney Dudley P. Ranney for the Commonwealth. Bosco and Guadagni, two of Sacco's chief alibi witnesses, were summoned by President Lowell himself towards the close of the investigation. Their presence in the Governor's lobby was a complete surprise both to the defense and to the prosecution. They had no new evidence to give.

When President Lowell put them on the stand and accused them of lying after they told the same stories they had told six years previously at the Dedham trial, it developed that President Lowell had not only investigated the files of the Boston Transcript and the Gazetta del Massachusetts and found no mention of the banquet to the then-Editor James T. Williams of the Transcript on April 15, 1920 (the day of the crime) by which Bosco and Guadagni checked their memory of the date they visited with Sacco in Boston. President Lowell had *also been in touch with Mr. Williams in Washington, D. C., through President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,* and Mr. Williams corroborated President Lowell's findings that

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there had been no Italian banquet to him in the North End on April 15 but that there had been one on May 13, 1920.

The importance of this interviewing of Mr. Williams is absolute in any attempt to understand and evaluate the whole episode. It was in flat violation of the principle by which President Lowell and his associates professed to have carried out their investigation. This is the way President Lowell phrased that principle in his report to the Governor:

> On the other hand, it has seemed to us important to give the counsel for the defense and for the Commonwealth an opportunity to hear and question everyone who testified before the Committee, with the exception of Judge Thayer, Chief Justice Hall and the jurors, whom we did not think should be subjected to questions by counsel—certainly in the absence of specific evidence of misconduct. The Committee had thought that this principle should be applied also to Mr. Katzmann, the District Attorney who tried the case, but after he had talked with the Committee he consented to be questioned by Mr. Thompson. [In other words, Mr. Thompson was given the "privilege" of cross-examining Katzmann without knowing what Katzmann had said to the Committee.] With these exceptions, and what came incidentally in an inspection of the scene of the murder, and a visit to Sacco, Vanzetti and Madeiros in prison, *all testimony has been submitted to the Committee in the presence of both counsel; nor has any member of the Committee received evidence separately.* Such a course has seemed to us desirable in order to give counsel an opportunity to meet and rebut any evidence presented to us. Moreover, the Committee have heard all evidence the counsel desired to present, and except as aforesaid have investigated in their presence any matters that seemed to bear on the questions before us. [Italics mine.]

It is fair and pertinent to ask President Lowell why he did not include the name of Mr. Williams in his list of exceptions. It is fair to ask him what he meant when he wrote that, with the exceptions, "all testimony has been submitted to the Committee in the presence of both counsel; nor has any member of the Committee received evidence separately."

An element of bitter humor is involved in the tragic episode. Bosco testified at the Dedham trial in 1921 that he checked his memory of the Williams banquet as identifying the day he talked with Sacco in Boston by looking in the file of La Notizia and finding the account of the banquet there. He so testified before President Lowell. President Lowell began his report to the Governor thus:

> YOUR EXCELLENCY:
> Starting on the investigation with which you have charged us, with almost no knowledge of the evidence in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Sacco and Vanzetti, we have felt that our first duty was to read the full stenographic report of the trial.

What kind of reading did President Lowell and his associates do? If they had read with half an eye they would have seen Bosco's testimony regarding the file of La Notizia, and President Lowell would have been spared the chagrin of having to shake hands with, apologize to and say he believed to be honest, two men whom he had accused of lying the night before. He would also have saved himself the trouble of having Messrs. Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham bring to light what The Springfield Republican designates as "the most disquieting facts."

In your editorial you fail to point out the essential fact that this enterprise, seeking to discredit what he termed "a serious alibi" after he thought he had discredited it, aside from being undertaken solely upon President Lowell's own initiative in conflict with his agreement with counsel, was undertaken and completed a number of days before Bosco and Guadagni were put on the stand. What must have been the attitude of mind of President Lowell and his associates toward defense witnesses and arguments of defense counsel in that interval between the supposed discovery of perjury on the part of two of Sacco's chief alibi witnesses and the time President Lowell summoned them to appear? Why did President Lowell wait until most of the defense witnesses had been put on, before he sprang his surprise?

The official Lowell Committee stenographer, when Mr. Thompson complained to him about the vital omission of President Lowell's apology and the reëstablishment of Bosco's and Guadagni's integrity from the stenographic minutes, said President Lowell had ordered him not to take "colloquies." There are numerous other colloquies in the stenographic minutes. Why discriminate against this particularly important one? And besides, who decided upon the form of the cryptic paragraph—the "meaningless" paragraph as Messrs. Flexner and Burlingham call it—which was substituted for President Lowell's apology? Did the stenographer decide upon that form, unaided? President Lowell, of course, passed upon the record before it was handed to counsel.

I must confess that I was greatly disappointed at the way your editorial treated the discovery made by Messrs. Flexner and Burlingham on behalf of Elihu Root, John W. Davis, Raymond B. Fosdick, Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner and other lawyers sponsoring the publication of the record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It seems to me that this discovery has a profound bearing not only on the perplexing case as a whole but on the character of the head of Harvard University. At the time of the controversy at Amherst College which led to the departure from there of President Alexander Meiklejohn, I remember you wrote an open letter to Dwight Morrow, the principal trustee of the college, asking him certain pertinent questions. Do you consider this a less important social issue?

If you cannot get "steamed up" about this suppression of evidence in a momentous case, I should think that you would at least view it as an episode of great possibilities in the study of the psychology of "one of our leading citizens." I suggest that it affords you a dramatic case on which to base a discussion of the ever-interesting problem of the subconscious versus the conscious mind. Was President Lowell's subconscious mind alone operating? Or did his conscious mind do some of the directing?

GARDNER JACKSON.

Boston, Mass.

Chicago

SIR: After reading Mr. Mumford's "Impressions of That Awful Place, Chicago, As Seen in One of Its Railroad Stations," one wonders what he will have to tell us about London if he should chance to make an equally complete study of that city. When reading the bored and depressed reactions to that thrilling approach to Chicago from the East, one fears that the writer must have been suffering from a "*mal de chemin de fer*" that often afflicts the unwary traveler on the long land trips necessary in penetrating the backwoods of the country. Surely after the long, admittedly monotonous ride through the fat, flat farmlands of the Corn Belt, the sudden appearance of the great steel mills, with glimpses of the blue lake-water beyond, should be more impressive than the glimpses of the scattered, evil-smelling factories skirting the Hackensack meadows, just this side of New York. And for the student of architecture is there not something significant in the majestic grain elevators that announce one's approach to the great cereal center of a continent?

These are matters of opinion, no doubt, but Mr. Mumford has given us a gauge of his accuracy as a reporter by his ignorance of what station he actually arrived at in Chicago—apparently, even, by his ignorance of the fact that there is more than one station there. If we were to take him at his word we would have to believe that he left New York on one railroad and arrived at his destination on its chief competitor, but his description of the station where he disembarked makes it clear that he made a normal trip after all and had arrived at La Salle Street Station, which he erroneously calls the "Chicago Union Station."

A few years ago the difference would have been immaterial, or rather, the friend of that much maligned city would have been glad that the literary traveler entered as he did—since no eastern trains arrive at the excellent Northwestern Station—but since Chicago now has in its new, so-called Union Station, a terminal structure that compares favorably in every way—except-

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ing perhaps swank—with either of the great stations in New York, the publication of such limited and partial impressions is unfortunate.

It is to be hoped that the Chicago Association of Commerce will coöperate with the Pennsylvania Railroad to take Mr. Mumford on a free trip which will bring him into that city through its most splendid portal, and that The New Republic will publish his "Impressions of a Beautiful and Orderly Modern Metropolis." Or are we to believe that this was but a literary counterpart of Life's well known series of drawings of "Impressions of Famous Places, by One Who Has Never Been There"?

Minneapolis, Minn. RICHARD HARTSHORNE.

SIR: I am sorry to learn that my "Reflections on Chicago" have pained some of my friends in that city and have aroused a great many other people to a sentiment somewhat this side of friendliness. I could understand these reactions a little better if they took the form of saying that my comments were false, or even forced: but except for noting my mechanical slip of substituting the Union for the La Salle Street Station, the usual criticism of my remarks has been to say that the approach to London is quite as depressing and ugly, that the slums of New York are even more villainous, and that Chicagoans prefer achievement to polish and deeds to *savoir faire*.

All this is perhaps true; but it leaves me unrepentant. I am not ignorant of the things in which Chicago plainly excels New York and many other large cities, in particular, the excellent system of neighborhood parks and playgrounds; and I have repeatedly called attention to the originality and beauty of the great school of architecture which was already flourishing in Chicago thirty years ago, under Root and Sullivan and Wright, when the architects of the East were lost in a barren revivalism. In my "Reflections on Chicago" I was, it goes without saying, not passing any final judgment upon either Chicago or mid-American civilization: I sought, rather, to give the first sharp, graphic impressions of a foreigner to this environment. Such impressions are often distorted, but, as I find whenever I have the good fortune to conduct a European traveler around New York, they sometimes make one suddenly aware, with singular vividness, of institutions, habits, scenes that the mere routine of daily life had blinded one to. The first time, for example, that I realized the full horror of a New York subway crush was when I encountered one in the company of a Belgian who had just stepped off the steamer. I purposely exaggerated my impressions in order to break down the solid fatalism and complacency of the ordinary citizen—and I see that I succeeded! I can only greet these reactions of pain and indignation with the not ironic hope that an intelligent Chicagoan will give a similar view of New York. New York has been chastened by such comment from the mouths of European visitors for more than a hundred years; and I cannot help thinking that it has cleared the air here a little, and given us a more detached and lucid view of our shortcomings.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York City.

The Peoples' Lobby

SIR: Your readers will, I am sure, be interested in the program of The Peoples' Lobby, of which Professor John Dewey is President. The League has been particularly active in working for practical methods of improving and maintaining improved international relations, such as a public record of Americans' concessions abroad, the ending of unilateral intervention and some method of coöperation in the use of the world's resources.

Its domestic program includes heavier federal surtaxes on unearned incomes, a higher federal estate tax, preventing exorbitant tariffs on necessities of life, creation of a federal relief board for children, and making an appropriation for such relief, and a publicly-owned giant power-system.

The Peoples' Lobby is endeavoring to get 10,000 members during the year. During the past three months it has nearly quadrupled its membership, and it is planning an aggressive campaign for its program in the special session, as well as in the regular session of Congress. With several hundred non-people's lobbies operating in the national capital, The Peoples' Lobby is a necessity. The offices are in the Bliss Building, Washington, D. C.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH.

Washington, D. C.

Visual Economics

SIR: May I extend to teachers and others visiting Europe an invitation to participate in the classes organized by the "Visual Economics Bureau," established in connection with the device for teaching elementary economics by an entirely new method?

The device, which the bureau has been created to test and explore, is one for showing, by a series of card games of a new type, the processes of money and banking—an attempt to do for the understanding of this side of economics what the actual playing of chess or bridge with an apparatus does for the understanding of those games, which we should find as difficult to explain without the apparatus as we now find it to explain the monetary theory.

If any prospective visitor to London would send me his or her address, at 34 Victoria St., London, S. W. 1, together with an indication of the dates likely to be suitable for attendance at these demonstrations, I will forward all relevant information.

MARTHA KELLEY.

London, England.

A New Status for Spies

SIR: In the course of a recent book review in The New Republic Mr. Britten accepts the disturbing thesis that disarmament promotes espionage. He sees a vicious circle leading always back to war—"spies must police the peace. . . . where spies are, there may be war . . . while there may be war there must be armies . . . even idle armies must have active spies," and, finally . . . "armies cannot securely be dismissed without retention of the spies who may yet compel their reassembling."

Obviously Mr. Britten is right as long as disarmament is a game in which the military men of each nation bargain for limited reductions in special fields and each nation desires to keep its military equipment as large as possible, and suspects every other nation of similar motives. Under such conditions mutual suspicion flourishes, and new treaties for limitation of armament may well mean more work for the spies, who discover the evidence, which causes the disputes that make necessary more military force.

But is it not a mistake to regard this circle as an inevitable one? Some day a major power will simply refuse to play the bargaining game, and without conferences, treaties, or treaties with reservations, honestly and openly proceed to disarm. With part of the money saved on the military budget this country may well subsidize all visiting spies of foreign countries. No doubt headquarters will be provided for them at the nation's capital and the now secret records of the army and navy departments thrown open for their examination. Under such circumstances every report made by visiting spies to their home office in a foreign country will be a testimonial to the good faith and peaceful intentions of the nation upon which they are spying. And so perhaps peace-time spies may come to be regarded as messengers of peace—if (and no doubt Mr. Britten thought this *if* too impossible even to consider) some great nation simply declines to participate in the armament race.

GEORGE ROGERS TAYLOR.

Amherst, Mass.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation

SIR: The Spring conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, under the leadership of Bishop Paul Jones, Executive Secretary, will be held at the Central Y. W. C. A., 19 West Mohawk St., Buffalo, on April 4, 5, and 6. The purpose of the conference is to map out a constructive policy in the abolition of crime and war.

Buffalo, N. Y. ROBERT A. HOFFMAN.

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The Frontier of Life

A Daughter of Earth, by Agnes Smedley. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

> I do not write mere words. I write of human flesh and blood. There is a hatred and a bitterness with roots in experience and conviction. Words cannot erase that experience.

THIS paragraph might stand as the motto theme of Miss Smedley's book. It is a record of experience so authentic, so intense, that it burns itself indelibly into the mind of the reader, and leaves him with a sense of wonder at the enduring quality of the human fabric, and with a deep resentment at human cruelty and injustice. It is the work of tragedy, as critics have held since Aristotle, to purge the spirit by pity and terror. Perhaps in the world today a sense of wrath is a more necessary and efficacious mode of cleansing. Miss Smedley writes for the most part a severely literal style, suited to the compressed narrative of events of crowded years; but one cannot fail to catch the subdued strain of brooding hatred which animates it. Only at the close does Miss Smedley's restraint break down, and the narrative rise to the shrillness of hysteria. But even here, while questioning the literal truth, one is ready to concede the emotional sincerity.

Miss Smedley's story has the amazing variety of the raw material of American life. Born somewhere in Missouri, Marie Rogers traveled westward with her family to Trinidad, Colorado. Her father was a typically optimistic Westerner, whose energy and daring made opportunities which his lack of education turned to his disadvantage. Her mother broke under the burden of bearing children and the drudgery of rearing them. Her brothers and sisters sank, one by one, beneath the stormy surface of life. Marie saved herself only by cutting loose from these derelicts. Through desperate poverty, she struggled into an elementary education and taught the Mexican children in remote districts. She learned stenography and found work on a magazine in Denver. She toured New Mexico for subscriptions. While she was ill with hunger in a hotel at Carlsbad, three drunken men outraged and killed the woman whose room was opposite—they were seeking "the traveling woman." One of these, the barkeeper, was charged with murder, but he proved a gentle and sympathetic friend to Marie in her illness, and wanted to marry her. A cowboy-miner, an old friend of Trinidad days, rescued her, and sent her to the normal school; and thence, with two Danish friends, a brother and sister, she went on to San Francisco. Marriage with Knut brought unendurable loss of freedom, and, refusing twice to surrender to the primal curse, she took up her own life again at another normal school, as a pupil teacher. Here she first met a Hindu who came to the school to lecture. Her sympathy with him and other radicals brought about her dismissal, and she drifted to New York and journalism. There she met the Hindu again and his friends. Her connection with these persecuted people brought her within the toils of the British Secret Service and their American accomplices, and landed her in prison, from which, after the War, she was dismissed without trial. Miss Smedley's account of this disgraceful episode in the history of the country is in its main lines authentic, and deserves attention.

Miss Smedley has created Marie Rogers in her own image—a revolutionist. She is in revolt, first of all, against womanhood in its two forms of wifehood and motherhood. She would rather sell her body than her soul. She had seen her mother worked to death and beaten—and her Aunt Helen living in ease. "I was proud of Helen. To me her profession seemed as honorable as that of any married woman—she made her living in the same way as they made theirs, except that she made a better living and had more rights over her body and soul." But she concludes, "I wanted neither that life, nor marriage," and her boast is: "I knew that I was a woman not broken into slavery." In the second place, she is in revolt against social injustice and the hypocrisy of government. Her account of the situation in the camps of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is literal, concise, and terrible. And when the treachery and malice of their employers had driven the workers to strike, there is one answer: "The sheriff was ruler of the little camp; he was an American who carried a Colt .45 on his hip—'For less than a nickel he would fill a damned furriner full of lead.'"

But, more than all, Marie was stirred by the wrongs of the oppressed peoples of the earth. In her first engagement on a magazine in New York, she had to struggle with her editor, "one of those liberals who instinctively support an institution or a thing just because it exists," to get printed an article on the American Indian Bureau. Later, at Columbia, she heard a lecture on the rubber trade on the Amazon.

> When I thought of those black men—big men perhaps with stooped shoulders, laboring blindly, watching the earth as they worked; perhaps some of them talked to themselves also—could it be that I saw my father, and perhaps my brothers, in all that was dumb and helpless before existence, all that was denied humanity, all that was defeated?

It was not by force of casual association that Marie Rogers gave herself, above all, to the cause of Indian freedom. There was something in the gentle personalities of her teacher, Sadarji, and his pupils, something in the richness of their culture after the raw American character and scene which she had known, that was irresistibly winning. This contrast is brought out in the drama of her arrest, examination, and imprisonment, at the hands of her countrymen who, in the patriotic stupidity of the War, allowed themselves to be made vulgar and brutal tools of the imperialistic forces against which they claimed to be fighting. "They didn't arrest you; they kidnapped you," was the blunt statement of the lawyer, Mr. Gilbert, when at last her friends reached her in her entombment. The Indians taught her a higher patriotism.

> Love my country, Sadarji—do you mean the soil? Yes, I love that. I love the mountains of the West. And I love the deserts. But what most people mean by country is the government and the powerful men who rule it. No, I do not love them. But the earth—yes. This is our earth. Or—it must one day be.

The first feeling on reading "A Daughter of Earth" is of the squalid tragedy of waste. Of an American family, Marie is the only survivor in any real sense. A second feeling is one of indignation against the system which rules the world through the power of human selfishness, from the day schools in which Marie was scorned by her mates because of her poverty and ill-breeding, to the sheriffs and soldiers who shoot down the workers, and the courts which

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encourage and abet crime. But a third response is one of confidence in the resisting power of human nature. Marie is near death by suicide, by abortion, by starvation, by imprisonment, by the hands of men who solicit and men who rape. She is betrayed by her love and her desire for love, by her loyalties and her sacrifices, and yet she remains to face life unashamed and unafraid, one of the strong children of Nature of whom Meredith says,

> Contention is the vital force
> Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts—

one of those whose experience is the material of creation.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Bureaucracy versus Democracy in the Philippines

The Philippine Islands, by W. Cameron Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two vols. 1,256 pages. $10.

WHEN in 1913 Woodrow Wilson stepped into the White House, there was popular rejoicing on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, six thousand miles away. The Democratic platform had made eloquent though vague promises of independence for the Philippines; and the Filipinos, not yet accustomed to the strategies of American party politics, assumed that the Democratic victory would mean the fulfillment of these promises.

If the advent of Wilson did not bring them the complete freedom that they anticipated, it did bring drastic changes, for good or for bad. A new Governor-General, Francis Burton Harrison, of Tammany, who had never before set foot on the Islands, was appointed to supplant W. Cameron Forbes, who for nine years had held office in the Philippine government, and who, for the last four years of that time, had been Governor-General. With him Harrison brought a new set of policies—none the less ardent because untested by experience—and a great readiness to criticize the regime of his Republican predecessor. Under Forbes, he said, there had been too much bureaucracy and too little democracy; too many Americans in high office with scandalously high salaries; too much waste in public expenditures and too much taxation. Everything should be done in exactly the way it had not been done. After Filipinizing the Philippine government for eight years, during which time there was a sharp increase in taxation and in the death rate, Harrison returned to America and wrote a book to prove that everything he had done had been right. The Forbes regime versus the Harrison regime; government for the people versus government by the people—perhaps no aspect of the Philippine question has been so often or so warmly debated.

Cameron Forbes left office as Governor-General in 1913. Fifteen years elapsed. During this time he published no book to state his case. Would he leave unanswered Harrison's "Cornerstone of Philippine Independence"? Now at last his "Philippine Islands" appear, two tremendous and authoritative volumes, easily justifying the long delay. Checked and rechecked for accuracy, full of facts, footnotes, documents, and quotations from everyone who has ever expressed an opinion on the subject, Forbes' book contrasts sharply with Harrison's hasty, superficial and partisan tract. As was to be expected, it states the case for his own policy as Governor-General, but it states that case in such a spirit of fairness as to lift the issue above the level of controversy. Every adverse opinion is registered; every fact in support of that opinion is noted and carefully weighed against other facts. Throughout the book he speaks of himself in the third person, and the note that he strikes is always impersonal. His attitude is this: "There was once a man named Forbes who was Governor-General of the Philippines. I have often heard him criticized. As a scholar I shall try to dig up the facts of the case so that people may judge for themselves what mistakes he made and what should be done for the Philippines in the future."

If he answers the charges of his critics, he does so by his detailed description of the Philippine situation as he and his predecessors found it. It was a difficult task which faced the government set up in 1901 with William Howard Taft as first Civil Governor. In many parts of the Islands the insurgent forces were still active; in other parts outlaw bands long accustomed to the laxity of Spanish rule made it difficult to establish order. The vast mass of the people were illiterate. A few spoke Spanish, but many knew only the native dialects, of which there were more than eighty. The ignorant peasants were under the sway of dishonest *caciques* or bosses who had so long abstracted from them every bit of their earnings that the idea of justice had come to be non-existent. The standard of living was at rock-bottom, with wages at fifteen cents a day. No public health or school systems, no knowledge of principles of business or of government existed. The problem was to build a civilization where there was virtually none; to do everything at once and to do it creditably, although the moral effect of opposition both in the Philippines and in America made the task more difficult.

The amazing progress during the first fifteen years—in prosperity, general welfare and education—was, according to Governor-General Forbes, made possible by the development of an efficient, non-political bureaucracy, directed chiefly by prominent Americans. The Democratic contention that sufficient power had not been turned over to the natives was a criticism formed purely for political reasons and with insufficient knowledge of the conditions in the Islands. Fifteen years is a short time in which to educate ten million people in the art of self-government, and in his opinion the time had not yet come for the changes which Harrison made.

In the shaping of Philippine policy after the return of the Republicans in 1921, Forbes has had much influence. Sent by President Harding as one of a commission to investigate conditions in the Islands, he advocated a return to pre-Harrison tactics. Although he believes that the Philippines may gradually be given greater powers of self-government, he reaches the conclusion that, "All in all, there is abundant cause to feel that the great American statesmen concerned with Philippine development [everyone except Harrison and his henchmen] were wise and their policies fundamentally sound."

However interesting "The Philippine Islands" may be as a revelation of Forbes' policies, it is infinitely more than a reply to the author's critics. With a wealth of material in his files, with easy access to government archives not open to the average research student, Forbes has produced a work far exceeding in scope and in interest anything that has previously been written on the Philippines. Whatever may be thought of the author's political philosophy, the book will unquestionably find its place as a standard study of the Philippine problem.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY.

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Herman Melville

Herman Melville, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 377 pages. $3.75.

THE REDISCOVERY, or more properly speaking, the discovery, of Herman Melville, outstanding among America's neglected geniuses, reaches its peak in Mr. Mumford's long, full, and rich combination of biography and critical analysis, which is its distinguished author's finest and most considerable work to date. That it is to have wide distribution through its choice by one of the numerous book clubs is cause for rejoicing; if many copies shall serve only as adornment for library tables, many others will be read, and with profit.

Mr. Mumford graciously acknowledges the spade-work of his predecessors in the Melville field; nearly a decade ago the movement to win delayed justice for the author of "Moby Dick" was begun. In 1921, Mr. Raymond Weaver's biography, the first, made its appearance, and since that time the discussion of Melville, led by such excellent critics as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, Mr. Percy Boynton, Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., and others, has gone steadily along, awakening thousands of readers to the wide sweep and stirring beauty of "Moby Dick." The academic verdict upon Melville, as set down in the more commonly-used textbooks on American literature, is painful to contemplate. Until recently, critical opinion has done little to redeem the miserable failure of Melville's own times to understand or appreciate him. When he died in 1891, Mr. Mumford says, the leading literary journal of the day, The Critic, did not know who he was; a generation before, when the story of the white whale appeared, most reviewers called it a turgid piece of writing that defied classification, and found little in it to guarantee it the immortality that now seems to be its destiny. It is everlastingly to the credit of half-a-dozen liberal-minded writers of our own day that they have boldly re-assessed Melville's contribution to American literature and thought, and have dared to set him on a pedestal above most, if not all, the leaders of his own times.

Mr. Mumford's volume is, in more respects than one, the climax of this re-assessment. It goes noticeably further in its assertions of the strength and significance of Melville's genius. Its author brings a certain admirable and enlivening eagerness to the defense of his hero, which holds the reader's interest in the book through its longest and most involved analysis of even the poorest of Melville's works. This emotional quality, this anxiety to persuade, appears at times to carry Mr. Mumford past the center of critical balance; one cannot escape the occasional feeling that his enthusiasm for "Moby Dick" and his certainty that it is a work of genius of the first order make him overzealous for Melville's lesser writings. His comprehensive study of Melville's poetry, for example, is valuable for the speculative and psychological biographical material it yields, but the poetry itself seems of little enough consequence.

It has come to be the fashion to pigeon-hole biographies, and there is a temptation to try to say exactly what sort of book Mr. Mumford has written about Melville. And the book does not readily pigeon-hole, to its credit be it said. Mr. Mumford has availed himself of the resources of modern psychology in reconstructing the character of Melville and in analyzing his genius; he has also collected much new data about the man's life, and especially about the later years; he has made a most careful and detailed study of every one of Melville's works, long or short, and fitted each into the biographical pattern; he has also built up a background with the same skill and unfailing interest that marked his work in "The Golden Day." Without making his own hopeful philosophy obtrusive, he has made his book on Melville a companion-volume to "The Golden Day," so that one should not be read without the other, and so that both may be read with the certainty of mental stimulation by the intelligent man or woman who has no primary interest in the literary figures about whom the two books pivot.

Mr. Mumford is wise enough to know that a writer cannot be dissociated from his times; that the breaking up of the stable patterns of a provincial culture by the Civil War, and the swiftly reforming patterns of a frankly and grossly materialistic civilization after the struggle, are as much a part of the Melville story as the early travels in the South Seas, which resulted, first of all, in "Omoo" and "Typee" and, what is of more consequence, taught Melville about the Ocean, the immensity, the power, and the awful beauty of which is so much a part of the narrative of the white whale.

The stories of Melville's "insanity" a short time after his completion of "Moby Dick," Mr. Mumford dismisses as mostly nonsense. Melville's health was not good after he had given birth to his masterpiece; there were family worries and other matters on his mind, and he had not rested from his labor before he set about turning out what he hoped would be a pot-boiler, the novel, "Pierre." Mr. Mumford points out the fact that, during the period when Melville has been said to have been insane, he kept up his literary output without any break, and that it was maintained at a fairly even quality, although it never really approached the greatness of "Moby Dick." This section of the book is fitting subject for controversy; it was quite possible that Melville's literary output might have been maintained even though he was unbalanced. To this statement, Mr. Mumford might make a fair answer that he had gone further into the available material than anyone else, and was, therefore, in a superior position for judgment.

It is fitting that the high spot of the book should be Mr. Mumford's analysis of "Moby Dick." I am not sure he has not strained the symbolism of the Melville masterpiece in the usual fashion of interpreters of poetry; that is to say, he appears to be reading a great deal more into the book than Melville consciously put there. But what he puts into it is tremendously exciting, and one of the true tests of great poetry is that it shall be capable of many interpretations, that it shall fire the imagination of the reader, and set endless echoes and reverberations going in his mind. I am sure Mr. Mumford has never written anything more deeply moving than his discussion of "Moby Dick"; if the book contained nothing else of merit, it would be worth owning for these pages.

The reference to "Moby Dick" as poetry hardly needs explanation, but it is interesting to observe that Mr. Mumford refers to the book as a "poetic epic," and goes on to point out that, while there are long passages in the mood of prose, the book again and again rises to "polyphonic verse which resembles Webster's in that it can either be considered as broken blank verse or polyphonic prose." Its earlier critics attempted to judge "Moby Dick" by the prevailing standards for the novel, which explains to some extent their extreme difficulty in understanding it or evaluating it with any degree of intelligence.

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One passage alone I shall ask for the privilege of quoting. It is Mr. Mumford's summary of the meaning of "Moby Dick," and it is, too, a good example of the kind of writing to be found throughout the book:

> But "Moby Dick," admirable as it is as a narrative of maritime adventure, is far more than that: it is, fundamentally, a parable on the mystery of evil and the accidental malice of the universe. The white whale stands for the brute energies of existence, blind, fatal, overpowering, while Ahab is the spirit of man small and feeble, but purposive, that pits his puniness against this might, and its purpose against this blank senselessness of power. The evil arises with the good: the white whale grows up among the milder whales which are caught and cut up and used: one hunts for the one—for a happy marriage, livelihood, offspring, social companionship and cheer—and suddenly heaving its white bulk out of the calm sea, one comes upon the other: illness, accident, treachery, jealousy, vengefulness, dull frustration. The South Sea savage did not know of the white whale: at least, like death, it played but a casual part in his consciousness. It is different with the European: his life is a torment of white whales: The Jobs, the Æschyluses, the Dantes, the Shakespeares, pursue him and grapple with him, as Ahab pursues his antagonist.

Mr. Mumford has done more than to write a splendid biography, in which the writing is always intelligent and often brilliant; he has also filled the book with emanations of his own heartening attitude toward American culture. His final words are prophetic: "The day of Herman Melville's vision is now in the beginning. It hangs like a cloud over the horizon at dawn; and as the sun rises, it will become more radiant, and more a part of the living day." Mr. Mumford's own book is one of the most trustworthy signs of this dawning.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

Germany under the Dawes Plan

Germany under the Dawes Plan, by Max Sering. London: P. S. King and Son, Limited. 10s. 6d.

THE FIRST year of standard, or maximum, payments provided for under the Dawes Plan is now in progress. Before the first standard year had actually begun, plans had been practically consummated by the Agent-General for Reparation Payments for the calling of a new conference of experts to reconsider the reparation problem, and this committee is now holding its sessions in Paris. In January Mr. Gilbert issued his Annual Report, some two or three months behind schedule. The report, as depicted in the public press, painted a roseate picture of Germany's economic conditions and indicated that it had been pretty conclusively demonstrated that Germany could pay very substantial sums, if not, indeed, the full schedules stipulated under the Dawes Plan. While the actual report of Mr. Gilbert did not justify any such extravagant press statements, the report was cast in such a form as to make the most of the good features of the situation and to minimize, or ignore, the difficulties.

In the light of this situation this volume, by a distinguished professor of Political Science at the University of Berlin, is particularly timely. Dr. Sering's book is divided into two parts. The first, entitled "Historical Introduction," consists of three chapters dealing respectively with the Peace of Versailles and the legal foundations of the Dawes scheme; the years from 1919 to the appointment of the Dawes Committee in 1924; and the work of the Dawes Committee. The second part, for which the book is chiefly significant, consists of two chapters, entitled, "Causal Analysis of the Changes in Germany's Foreign Trade and the Bases of Her Productivity" and "Outlook."

Dr. Sering centers his economic analysis around the production and trade problem. He shows that, in the four years 1924 to 1927, there was an adverse foreign-trade balance amounting to 3,429,000,000 gold marks annually, as compared with 1,008,000,000 in 1913. The deficit in the trade balance in 1913 was offset by the so-called invisible items, consisting of interest, services, etc., which amounted to 1,600,000,000 gold marks, leaving a surplus of nearly 600,000,000 which represented new investments abroad. But during the years 1924-1927, inclusive, there was an average annual deficit on these invisible items of 55,000,000 gold marks—a deficit which has been growing steadily year by year as the interest charges mount as a result of the ever-expanding volume of foreign loans. The total deficit on trade and invisible accounts indicates the extent of Germany's borrowings on long- and short-term credits which, for the four years, averaged over 2,900,000,000 gold marks.

Dr. Sering attacks the naïve theory that these foreign loans are certain to provide the means, through increased production, of liquidating not only the interest charges thereon, but also the reparation obligations, by analyzing the condition of the basic industries upon which Germany must depend for an expansion of exports. Space does not permit any extensive citation of figures; it must suffice to say that the author shows that in the metal and allied trades, in textiles, in leather, and in manufacturing industry as a whole, Germany's exports have not expanded as rapidly as her imports. In the chemical industry alone is the export surplus larger than in 1913. Except for the period of the British coal strike, coal exports are also less than in the pre-war period. Moreover, the surplus of agricultural imports is greater than before the War. In brief, notwithstanding the very great volume of loans, Germany's basic export industries have not shown sufficient expansion to warrant any confident conclusion that an export surplus can be developed.

While the book is, in the reviewer's judgment, fundamentally sound in its analysis, it would perhaps have exerted a greater influence if the author had been able to write without the note of bitterness which characterizes the volume.

HAROLD G. MOULTON.

Tattle

Manhattan Men, by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Coward-McCann. 111 pages. $2.

SPEECH-rhythms, piquantly manipulated, are the substance of this book. Ideas and emotions have been incorporated just enough to get the rhythms into print: the result is puppet-talk. Or rather tattle, for in these poems we hear little of the communings of sound wooden hearts and heads; only clacking of lips about Loving and Dying, things puppets never capitalize.

If Mr. Kreymborg stuck to the conventions of puppetry, his successes, as in the following epitaph, might be more frequent:

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CONTEMPT OF COURT

If only
this judge
could have
sentenced
the Wench
who gave him
a nudge—
But he fell off
the bench.

More often pseudo-humane ideas intrude; the puppetry is of words only:

GRANDMOTHER

Trying
to climb to
high heaven
winded her so
she stopped here
at 87.

Here the piquancy of the words fails to atone for the ineptitude of their meaning. Punch him, Judy!

The few dissimilar poems, but of similar quality, will be of interest to those who would rather pay two dollars for a poetry book than fifteen cents for The New Yorker.

ALBERT B. QUIRK.

Pathological Yarns

The Crime of Dr. Garine, by Boris Sokoloff. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

DR. SOKOLOFF is now a guest of the Rockefeller Institute for research on cancer and the endocrines. He has a keen eye for pathological symptoms, and we get them aplenty in this slim book. Also, he belongs by taste and training to the pre-revolutionary Russian literary tradition. Writing in it, of course, is quite another matter. Dr. Garine, whose crime gives the title to this collection, is one of those moral and social misfits whose mental states so absorbed many of the great Russian novelists. So is Boris Perloff, aviator and engineer, the leading character in "Love."

What is the effect of Dr. Sokoloff's treatment of such subjects on his readers? One may turn one's head away from such abnormal human suffering with the comment: "How disgusting!" One may brood over the characters and their intolerable lives and try to imagine how Dostoyevsky would have drawn them. Or one may shut the book and forget all about them.

The problems in these stories, we are informed, are interpreted by a modern scientific mind which discards "the vague intuitive method" of the past. When did intuition become vague? One is inclined to hazard the guess that as a scientist Dr. Sokoloff is blessed with it. As an artist he lacks it. In "Love," for example, Boris Perloff "suffers from starvation, exaggerated reflexes, clearly defined tachicardia, dilated pupils and loss of memory." His nurse marries him, because his love is so great, and leaves him for the same reason—to marry someone else. She wasn't a stupid nurse either, judging by her early treatment of him as a patient.

These stories may be of great interest to those of philosophic or psychologic bent. To those whose bent is literary they are scarcely that, though it seems unfair to

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judge Dr. Sokoloff by such a slight performance. But there is a disturbing absence of arresting phrase in the writing, and often something worse. A woman, for instance, practically devoured to death by her passion-mad and usually over-restrained husband, is thus described: "The terrified expression of the face presented a startling appearance."

One hesitates to advocate plagiarism even by indirection. But Dr. Sokoloff has here the raw material for some excellent studies. There is the story of Lieutenant Kourbatoff, the White, needing shelter from certain death at the hands of the Reds and getting it by making love to a Communist woman he dislikes. There is the story of the woman, starved for physical love, satisfied with the man and deserted by him with most unnecessary and unconvincing insult. Dr. Sokoloff gives us neither story. He is the scientist seeing the facts. The literary artist puts them in a mortar and pounds out a human being.

NORAH MEADE.

Happy Days

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: Coward-McCann. 376 pages. $2.50.

THIS quiet book may be a surprise to those who know Mr. Sassoon only as the author of bitter verses about a rotten war. And it is a surprise—a wholly agreeable one—to find a poet so comfortably, so unaffectedly, at home in prose. These "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" are so simply written, indeed, that they disarm criticism; this artful simplicity of theirs might almost blind us to the fact that their author, though he may have been a "gentleman rider," is by no means a literary amateur.

The central figure in these pages goes by the name of George Sherston, but the book is evidently autobiographical. But autobiography of what a pleasantly old-fashioned sort! It is the narrative of a life, not the diary of a soul. George Sherston lived alone with his aunt, a correct and genteel lady of comfortable means, in the English countryside. He was a shy, unenterprising boy, and, had it not been for the patient determination of Tom Dixon, the groom, might never have mounted a horse in his life. But Dixon was bound he'd make a sportsman of his young master, if it took a lifetime; and he succeeded. By the time young Sherston-Sassoon was in his middle twenties, he was hunting five days a week, living in the kennels with the M. F. H., and reducing his guardian in London to despair at his horsey and unuseful way of life. Cricket was a necessary summer interlude, and an occasional steeplechase gave the fox a holiday, but hunting had become the chief end of his existence, and his daily bread.

Just at the point where this hard-riding young man had regretfully decided that hunting on such a scale had become too expensive for him, the War intervened, and in the last two chapters he is in the army, his horses sold or requisitioned, his happy days behind him. The tone of the narrative deepens. The book, which began in the misty summer landscape of the English country, ends with "stand-to" in the trenches, on the dawn of a hopeless Easter Day. This postscript is not really integral to the story, but such tranquil recollections seem all the happier for this black background. "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," if it can get itself a hearing in these noisy times,

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should appeal to all lovers of sport (it goes without saying); to all lovers of the country and of the country's simple pleasures; it may even arrest the attention of literary-minded people, if they are not too far gone in their dreadful disease.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

C. F. ANDREWS, an English clergyman who has lived for many years in India, is President of the Indian Trades Union Congress, and is generally regarded as the Englishman having most influence on native affairs.

STUART CHASE, a member of the Labor Bureau, Inc., is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste," and (with F. J. Schlink) of "Your Money's Worth."

DUNCAN AIKMAN is a free-lance border journalist living in El Paso, Texas. He is the author of "Calamity Jane," "Hallelujah," and "The Home-Town Mind."

HELEN MCAFEE is managing editor of The Yale Review.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY is a graduate of Bryn Mawr who has written several pamphlets for the National League of Women Voters.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL is director of publicity for Henry Holt and Company.

HAROLD G. MOULTON is director of the Institute of Economics, Washington, D. C. He is the author of "The Financial Organization of Society," "The Reparation Plan," and other books.

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